Saturday Review of Literature

VOL XXXI No. 45 NOVEMBER 6, 1948

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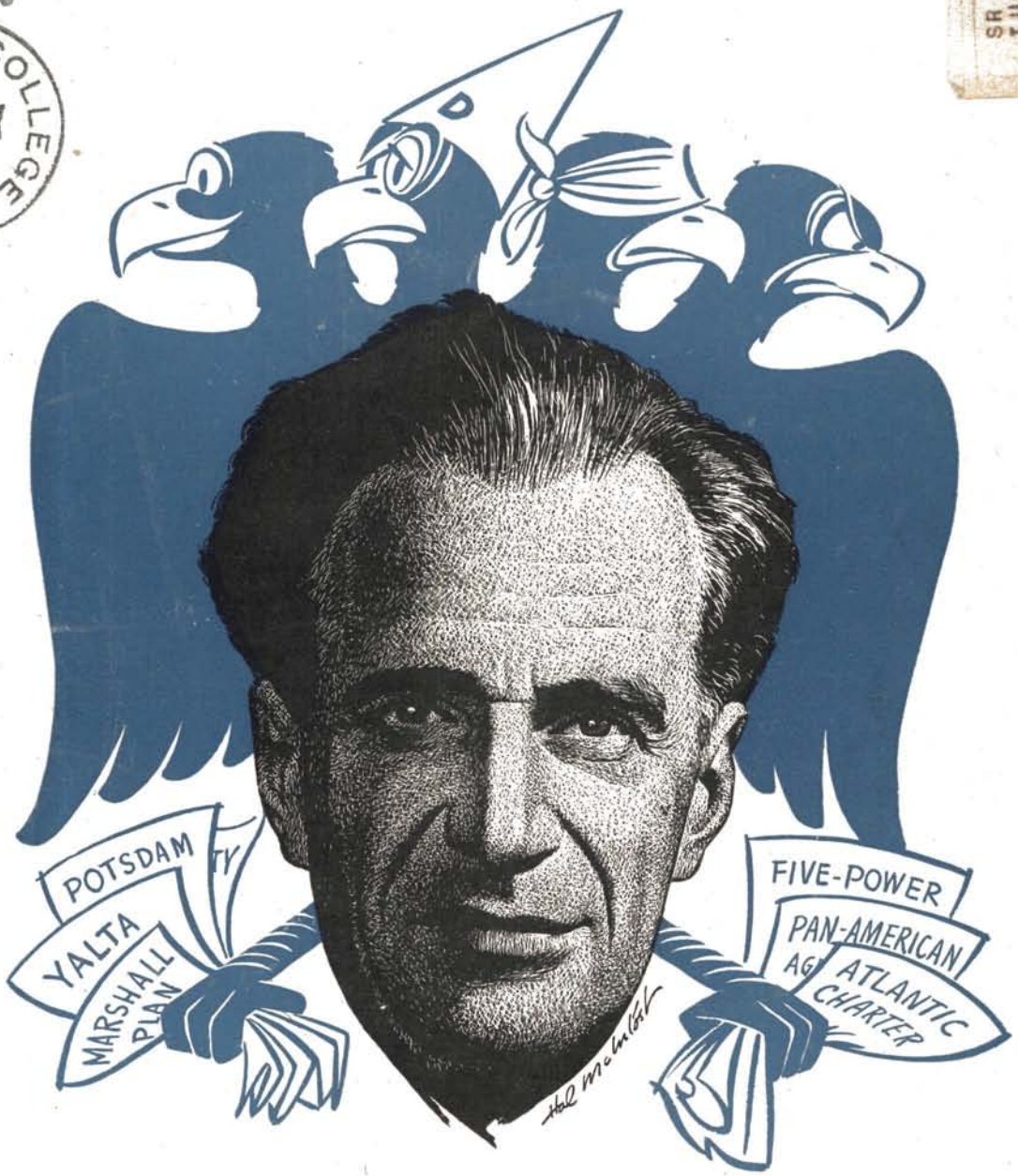

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, author of "The Nightmare of American Foreign Policy." *(See page 10)*

Balancing Our Assets

By VERA MICHELES DEAN

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"Who is the Enemy?" he asked, appalled that he did not know . . .

The novel of a man who left his job, his wife and home, hoping to meet the Enemy—and with luck, himself—face to face. The story of this search through violence for the meaning of truth makes strong, honest literature that pierces the melodrama of war to reveal the innermost souls of the men affected by it. Virginia Kirkus says, "An agonizing odyssey . . . whose characters have an inner as well as outer reality, and make for a drama of self within the drama of war."

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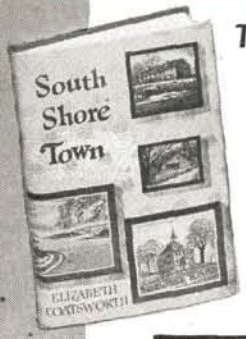
By SCOTT GRAHAM WILLIAMSON



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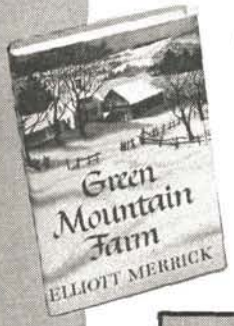
South Shore Town

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH



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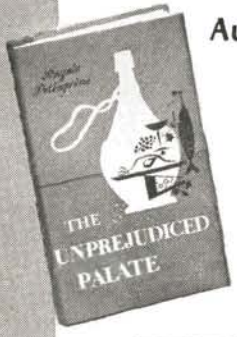
By ELLIOTT MERRICK



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November 6, 1948

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"Brilliant!" "Good storytelling!"

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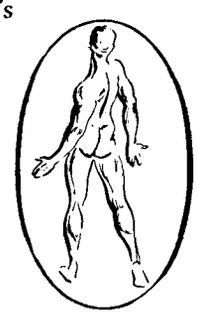

MORROW

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TRADE Winds

THE NEW COLOPHON, a book collectors' quarterly, published at 66 East 56th Street, New York 22, is asking its readers: "What ten American authors now living have the best chance of being considered classics by the reading public of the year 2000?" The original *Colophon* asked the same question in 1936, and the winners were as follows:

1. Sinclair Lewis—332 points
2. Willa Cather—304 points
3. Eugene O'Neill—292 points
4. Edna St. Vincent Millay—205 points
5. Robert Frost—180 points
6. Theodore Dreiser—149 points
7. James Truslow Adams—115 points
8. George Santayana—113 points
9. Stephen Vincent Benét—91 points
10. James Branch Cabell—90 points

Far down the line in 1936, although each of them received more than five votes, were Wolfe, Mencken, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Sandburg, Eliot, Faulkner, and Wilder. . . . How would *Saturday Review* readers answer *The New Colophon's* query today? . . .

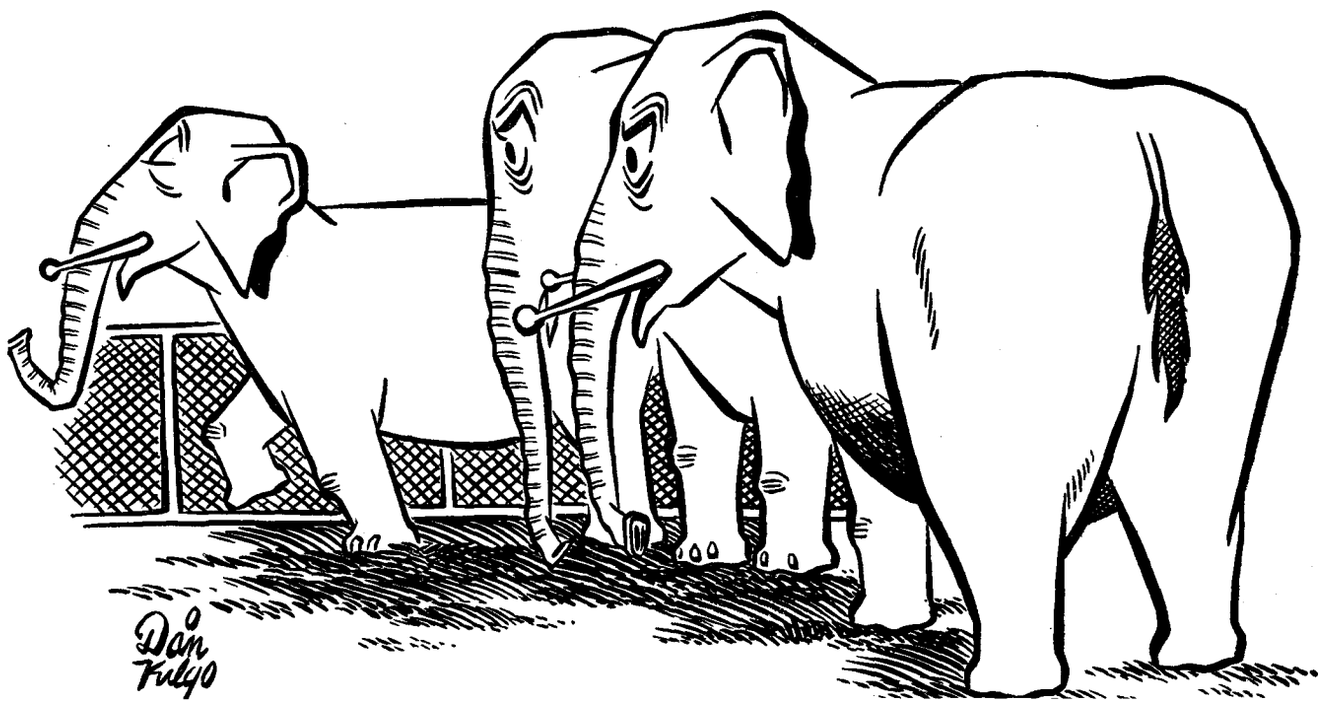
IN "THE LOST ART OF PROFANITY" (Bobbs-Merrill), Burges Johnson deplores the feeble vocabularies of present-day blusterers and culls the following invective from Shakespeare to show what a master could do in the good old days:

Damned tripe-visaged rascal . . .
Lump of foul deformity . . .
Like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks . . .
No more man's blood in his belly than will sup a flea . . .
Portrait of a blinking idiot . . .
Sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this huge hell of flesh . . .
Less valiant than the virgin in the night . . .
That bottled spider, that foul hunch-backed toad . . .
Thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye . . .
Thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke . . .
You whoreson indistinguishable cur . . .

"Ah, yes," concluded the good Burges, "the vocabulary of vituperation is today a poverty-stricken one." Can it be possible, however, that he has not been doing his research in the proper quarters? He should have heard what I called him, for instance, when he stole my girl at Vassar in 1924. . . .

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK COUNTER, at 62 West 45th Street, New York 19, publishes a quarterly calendar which is supplied without charge to 14,000 librarians, teachers, and parents who are interested in the books their children read. Your name will be added to the mailing list on request to Sybil V. Jacobsen, the executive secretary. In addition to news of the juvenile book world, the calendar prints occasional anecdotes. Sample: Ruth Gannett, author of the prize-winning "My Father's Dragon," was recently transporting a beautiful papier-mâché dragon, which she had made herself to advertise her book, from Young Books to a new place of vantage at Brentano's. She took a bus and placed the dragon, in a covered basket, at her feet. An old gentleman, noting that she guarded the basket as though her life depended on it, blurted, "Pardon me, but is that your baby in that basket? Surely it will suffocate?" "Heavens, no," replied Ruth casually. "That's just my dragon." "Oh, fine," said the old gentleman, relieved. Suddenly he shouted, "DRAGON???" He got out at the next corner. . . .

HY GARDNER'S SUGGESTION for a new Dale Carnegie title: "How to Mix Drinks and Influence People." . . . Les Kramer knows an effeminate novelist who moved to Jackson Heights to get his name listed in the Queens telephone directory. . . . Page Cooper, in "The Bellevue Story" (Crowell), tells of the day Dr. Alexander Lambert, head of the staff, heard an explosion in the laboratory where one of his assistants had been sent to make urology tests. Rushing to investigate, he saw the young man, eyebrows singed, standing before a Bunsen burner with the remains of a flask in his hand and the rest of it blown about the floor. "My God, you



"She's been that way ever since she was photographed with Dewey."

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NEIGHBOR

once meant "a near-by farmer"

"NEIGHBOR" is one of those interesting words that carry us back to Anglo-Saxon days. In Anglo-Saxon, *neah* meant "nigh," "near," and *gebur* meant "dweller," "farmer." These two words were combined into *neahgebur*, meaning literally, "a near-by farmer." The word appears in Medieval English in the form *neighebour* and in Modern English as *neighbor*. Its meaning, changing with the evolution of civilization, no longer applies particularly to neighboring farmers, but refers to persons living near each other in apartments or suburban homes as well as to those on near-by farms. Even nations in the modern world are called "neighbors." Thousands of interesting word origins like this one are offered in

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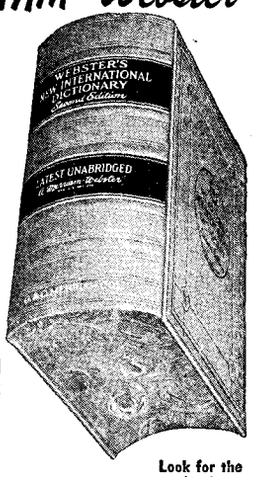

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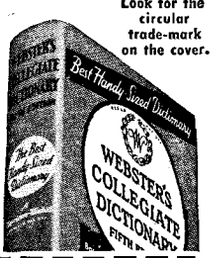

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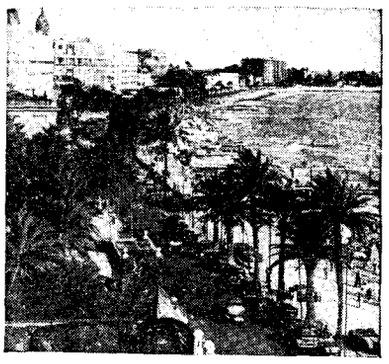
haven't been testing that?" he cried. "That's my last bottle of Napoleon brandy." . . . Pellegrini and Cudahy had a sure-fire idea in "Disaster," a collection of human-interest accounts of major American catastrophes (including the Iroquois Theatre fire, the San Francisco earthquake, the Wall Street explosion, the last flight of the Hindenburg, the New England hurricane, and dozens of other front-page sensations). The omission of on-the-spot photographs, however, is hard to explain. . . . Margaret Case Harriman, daughter of the late Frank Case, has signed with Rinehart for a book about her nights at the "round table"—in the Algonquin Hotel. . . .

SARAH BALL, IN KENT, CONN., has introduced a package called "Correspondence Enclosures," consisting of twenty-four handsomely printed sayings of famous men, each on a separate slip, that retails for fifty cents a set, postpaid. They went great guns when introduced by Walter Hard at his Johnny Appleseed Book Shop in Manchester, Vt., and will add a pleasant note to many a Christmas letter this December. Sample selections by Miss Ball: "I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian" (Pope); "When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him" (Swift); "Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them" (Sydney Smith). . . . The excellent Mermaid Series of English Dramatists, which was usually out of print when students needed it most, will now be published in America by A. A. Wyn. Titles ready this fall: "The Best Plays of Marlowe" and "The Complete Plays of Congreve." Coming later: Jonson, Wycherley, Dryden, Dekker, and fifteen others. . . . Virgil Gentillin, book buyer for Montgomery Ward, accompanied Joe Lawlor, Longmans Green's sales manager, to mass one Sunday. In the next pew sat Harold Gartley of Lippincott. The following morning Gartley told his staff, "Lawlor's got a great new selling technique. He takes buyers to church to get his orders confirmed." . . .

MARTIN STONE, WHO STUCK faithfully by his "Author Meets the Critic" radio program through many discouraging and unrewarding years, is finally getting his just reward. With John McCaffery turned into the smoothest of MC's, and Virgilia Peterson moved over from Appleton-Cen-



LA CROISETTE, CANNES

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SKI-ING IN THE SAVOIE ALPS

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tury to assist Stone in lining up attractive shows, "Author Meets the Critic" is not only clicking on radio, but has made a smash hit on television as well. In addition, Stone has hit pay dirt with his Americana Quiz and a program called "Howdy Doody" that has the kids of the metropolitan area in a dither. . . . The new literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News* is Van Allen Bradley. He follows in the footsteps of Harry Hansen, Sterling North, Dave Appel, and Jim Gray. . . . Joseph Henry Jackson's "A Bookman's Notebook" now appears every weekday in the *Los Angeles Times*, as well as in his own *San Francisco Chronicle*. . . . Nathan Sulzberger, millionaire manufacturer of Feeanmint, was asked by a publisher to name the secret of his success. "Pure logic," answered the inventor. "My product capitalizes America's two favorite hobbies: chewing gum and taking laxatives." . . .

ON SUCCESSIVE EVENINGS, this correspondent enjoyed the privilege of seeing three superlative entertainments: Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay in "Life with Mother" on the stage, and "The Snakepit" (with Olivia de Havilland) and "Joan of Arc" (with Ingrid Bergman) on the screen. Box-office troubles are cured overnight with fare of this caliber. TRADE WINDS hereby casts its vote for Olivia de Havilland for the 1948 Academy Award. . . .

CAPTAIN LEWIS N. PARKS, USN, relays a good story about Andrew Carnegie, the Napoleon of the steel industry. "We are all a happy and harmonious family here," said Carnegie modestly to a group of visitors at his plant one day. "No important step is taken except by unanimous vote." A minority partner added audibly, "And God help the man who isn't unanimous."

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Balancing Our Assets

VERA MICHELES DEAN

Vera Micheles Dean

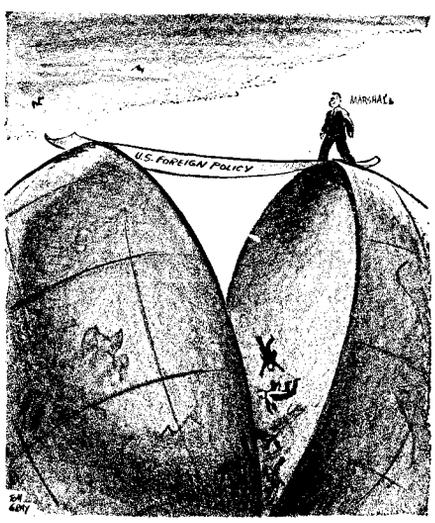
RECENTLY, in the columns of *The Saturday Review*, Edgar Ansel Mowrer used his scalpel on some of the major fallacies of American thinking about foreign policy.* It was a job that was sadly needed. And it is refreshing in this period of hysterical name-calling to find it done in such a fair-minded spirit.

Fallacy-probing is, however, merely the initial phase of clearing the ground for the construction of a foreign policy that a majority of the American people can regard as both morally acceptable and practically workable. To develop such a policy in a period of worldwide revolution, and under the goldfish-bowl conditions of a democratic society, is a stupendous task; and none of us, from President and Secretary of State to those who voted for the first time this year, need have a guilt-complex because we have not yet succeeded in charting a steadfast course through the maelstrom of world affairs.

Before we become discouraged about our national capacity to mold a foreign policy understandable not only to us but, what is even more important, to other peoples, we might pause to consider some of the things we cannot expect to achieve, at least in the near future—and on which, if we are sensible, we shall no longer waste sleepless nights, conserving our energies for the things that appear to be within the realm of the possible. Like a clever woman who has the intelligence to know she is not a raving beauty, let us skilfully make the best of our good points.

First of all, we cannot hope to acquire, in just a few years, the skill in diplomatic tight-rope walking possessed by older nations which had to learn the art if they were to survive. We are—as some of our best friends abroad never tire of telling us—newcomers on the world stage. Considering that the United States has only in this decade acknowledged to itself that it is the greatest power of the twentieth century, we are learning fast, if not always well, the peculiar problems of the role we have very reluctantly been called upon to play. But instead of bemoaning our relative adolescence as a world power and studying how we may pay others the supreme flattery of imitation, wouldn't it be better to take advantage of our seeming liability? Wouldn't it be better to restudy every situation afresh, as a good student should, without benefit of a trot, be it British or Russian, Fascist or Communist? It may well be that we shall still come up with the same answer as the one we would have reached through slavish imitation of other nations' policies; but, even if a poor thing, our answer will at least have the pleasing quality of being our own.

Let no one fool us into thinking that other nations, no matter how mature, know all the answers, or have an infallible foreign policy. They, too, make, and have made, plenty of mistakes. The British have wisely acquiesced in the legend that they "muddle through." While their so-called muddling is often a façade for hard-boiled bargaining to protect or advance their own interests, they have barely missed catastrophe often enough to make one wonder whether what seemed a legend may not have become a national habit. The Russians wrap themselves in the apparently impenetrable mantle of Marxist infallibility—yet this mantle, when rent from time to time, reveals a stubborn predisposition on the part of Soviet leaders, in spite of their shrewd apprasial of the forces at work in the contemporary world, to miscalculate the attitudes of even their closest neighbors like Finland and Yugoslavia. Admittedly we are uncouth, we are bumptious, we are naive in world affairs. But so are a lot of other people. We at least have this to offer: we are not yet weary and cynical. If a choice must be made, it is better to belong to the "eager beaver" school than to the school of the disillusioned who doubt that there is any use trying anything.



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"Bridge of Sighs."

WE might also just as well face the fact that we are full of contradictions and contrariness; and we need not rend our garments if we do not develop a "consistent" foreign policy. What man or woman can assert without blushing that he or she has lived a "consistent" life? Who has not, at one time or another, changed his or her mind, maneuvered out of a bad position into a better one, made compromises—even if the compromises were only the trival kind without which every household in the world would blow up every day of the year? If this is true of each of us, how can we reasonably expect more from all of us coalesced into a nation? It may be a fallacy for us to have sentimental ideals—such as our insistence, through thick and thin, that people, many of whom cannot read or write, must hold free and unfettered elections on the Anglo-American pattern or else be forever damned. It may be a fallacy

* *"Peace Pipe Dreams" by Edgar Ansel Mowrer,* SRL, *Sept. 18, 1948.*

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for us to think that, because we command the greatest industrial and financial power ever available to a single state, we should use this power to urge, encourage—perhaps, if all else fails, coerce—other nations to do what we deem to be the "right thing," such as abandon economic controls, restore or develop free enterprise, federate Europe. Yet all these fallacies, if such they be, are part of the warp and woof of American thinking, and cannot be torn out hastily or arbitrarily without causing damage, perhaps irreparable, to the fabric as a whole.

Again, let no one fool us into believing that other peoples are free of contradictions and march forward to their destiny without the bother of having to reconcile seemingly irreconcilable impulses. The British for centuries have been torn between "Little Englander" sentiment and the drive for empire, between a passionate desire for insularity and equally passionate interest in the universe, between their ties to overseas dominions and possessions and their concern to play a decisive role in maintaining the balance of power on the European continent. The Germans have oscillated between conflicting orientations to East and West, between interest in peaceful technological development and a thirst for militarism and expansion. The Russians have long been troubled by the quality of their existence in two continents, never entirely committed either to Europe or Asia, eager to learn the techniques of the West, yet frequently in revolt against Western materialism. If this is any consolation, we are no worse in this respect than other peoples.

Once more taking advantage of what may seem a weakness, we should seize upon our very lack of homogeneity and transform it into a tremendous asset. For here in the United States we have accomplished what men who are called dreamers wish could be achieved in the community of nations: we have blended many diverse racial strains, religious beliefs, political traditions without resort to coercion, and thus have a great lesson to teach to the United Nations. But to make our teaching more persuasive—as well as more palatable—we should call for help on our citizens of foreign origin, who understand the lands from which they stem and know the wisest ways of dealing with them. In making our foreign policy, have we utilized as much as we should one of our greatest sources of strength in a multinational world—our foreign-born? Are they not in a better position to bear eloquent testimony to the unique qualities of our democracy than any number of platitudinous perorations on that subject over the "Voice of America"?

WHILE we are on the subject of contradictions, let us see if we can think through two assumptions that often stop us dead in our tracks when we are about to reach important decisions about world affairs: the assumption that power as such is evil, and the assumption that all peoples are inherently good if only they are not subjected to sinister influences. It is on these two points that we are at a peculiar disadvantage compared to other nations. For other nations have lived long enough to have learned that things are seldom all black and white, but usually different shades of gray. They know that some human beings, for any number of reasons, are animated by evil motives, while others are inspired by the noblest aspirations. This does not mean that they have become cynical, but rather that they have learned, in the poignant phrase of Albert Camus in "The Plague," that "there are more things to admire in men than to despise." They know, too, that power has always existed—and presumably will always exist—whether in the form of armaments or terrorism or checkbooks or hypnotism of oratory or influence by the force of ideals. The question, as they see it, is not how to rid the world of "power-politics," but how to teach enough people to use power for constructive ends instead of the progressively more disastrous destruction of mankind. They know—and this is the very first lesson we must learn in foreign policy—that there are no easy solutions of world problems, no panaceas, no guarantees of happy endings.

No one will dispute—least of all the Russians—that we Americans have immense power, a power derived from our unmatched mastery of technology. Of this the Berlin airlift is the most recent, although by no means the most impressive, demonstration. What we need now, and we ourselves are beginning to realize it, is to discover ways to harness that technological power so that it will not cause irreparable injury to our own nation as well as others, but rather enhance our common welfare.

The discovery of atomic energy has frightened us perhaps more than any other people—except possibly the Russians—because for the first time in our history we, too, have become vulnerable to attack. We have had the imagination to grasp the essence of the problem—to see, in the words of the resolution presented by Canada to the United Nations General Assembly in Paris on September 30,

THE AUTHOR: As correspondent in some five wars for the *Chicago Daily News* Edgar Ansel Mowrer has brushed death often. Goebbels offered a division to lay hands on him for the sort of dispatches that took a Pulitzer Prize in 1932 and became "Germany Puts the Clock Back." While Berlin Bureau chief he flouted orders to depart, but when a friend was taken hostage the scholarly Mr. Mowrer reluctantly sailed to China and Japan. From 1939 until France fell he directed the *News*'s Paris Bureau. The next day the Gestapo called at his apartment. Put off by the cook, Zenobie, that he was "there where you won't go after him," they demanded the key. "Monsieur gave the key to Ambassador Bullitt," she improvised. "I am sure he will be glad to give it to you." They left. She hid the Regency furniture, antique paintings, and, presumably, a stock of cherished French, German, and Alsatian wines in the attic. In Hong Kong late November 1941, after a year with his paper in Washington, he had a presentiment of disaster, changed plans to go to Tokyo, and came home. Until 1943 he was OFF and OWI deputy director, since then a syndicated columnist, magazine writer, broadcaster, and lecturer. He covered the recent United Nations General Assembly, prophesies, "Within a year or two the UN will be completely transformed into a real government or lapse into total insignificance." In 1915 the League to Enforce Peace in America and Gaetano Meale ("Umano"), to whom he dedicates "The Nightmare of Foreign Policy," propelled his evangelizing for world federation. As a Midwest youth he wrote short stories; afterwards, "Immortal Italy," "This American World," "The Dragon Awakes: A Report from China," and "The Future of Politics." He may do a novel—"probably the form in which things can be said in the way they stick longest," he says, pointing to "War and Peace." ". . . Unhappily, I have never felt in myself Mr. Tolstoy's creative capacity." —R. G.

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that "traditional economic and political concepts" must be adapted "to the overriding requirements of international security" through "the voluntary sharing by nations of their sovereignty in this field." But is it possible to relinquish sovereignty at one point, and maintain it at others? Has the atomic bomb perhaps started the process of fission in the seemingly impregnable material of sovereignty? Can we ask other nations to "share" their sovereignty in the production of the destructive elements that go into the making of the atomic bomb, and not expect them sooner or later to ask us to "share" our sovereignty in the output of other products in which we excel, of goods they need?

Overwrought as we now are about the effects of the new weapon we did so much to invent, are we sufficiently aware of the anxieties troubling other nations—for example, those nations still relatively undeveloped which are striving to improve their standard of living by modernizing their economies and see in our superior industrial machine and our insistence on tariff protection for our industries coupled with a demand for maintenance of free markets for our exports a major obstacle to their own economic advance? We now feel relatively strong because we are reasonably confident that we alone—together with our British and Canadian friends—possess the know-how to manufacture the atomic bomb. But will this cause us to oppose the industrial development of other nations for fear they, too, might acquire this know-how? We undoubtedly have the technological power to wage an atomic war now, and probably win it. But what if the near future does not bring war, but rather a long period of complicated negotiations and adjustments? Then we shall need not only engineers capable of technological miracles, but experts in human relations capable of miracles in that most delicate engineering of all, the peaceful settlement of explosive issues. This, too, will require power—the power to understand, to be reasonable, to feel compassion as well as indignation. It is a power with which we must endow all aspirants to diplomatic careers.

Here again we can turn a seeming liability into an asset. We are a highly idealistic nation—and not one to hide our idealism under a bushel. Some peoples outside our borders poohpooh our proclamations of what we believe should be done as wishful thinking; others—notably the Russians—are convinced we are hypocrites. How about surprising them—and perhaps also ourselves—by showing the world that we mean what we say? We tell each other in after-dinner speeches that "we are living in the midst of a revolution." Wouldn't it be a good idea to try truly to understand the nature of this revolution?

On his recent return from the World Council of Churches in Amsterdam, Dr. Ralph Sockman said that Europeans do not understand the American form of capitalism. This is so partly at least because they do not have it. But how many of us, even those of us in strategic governmental positions, have tried to understand why other nations either no longer have, or never had, or do not now want to develop, capitalist forms of economy? How many of us have deprecated, not only Communism in Russia and China, but Socialism in Britain and Sweden—and hoped for their demise? I wonder how many of us would be ready to agree with Professor Etienne Gilson, distinguished

Getting the Jump on Uncle Joe &

THE NIGHTMARE OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 283 *pp.* $2.95.

Reviewed by MARK S. WATSON

THE dizzy state of American foreign policy in recent years, along with the present dark outlook in diplomacy, has been diagnosed by a great variety of doctors in recent months. Throughout the Presidential campaign it has been angrily if variously traced to Democratic mishandling, or to Republican obstruction, or to following this or that precedent, or to not following it. Now, just as the campaign's end brings a halt in diagnoses for party purposes, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, a far more experienced observer than most, offers some vigorous views of his own.

Notably, he finds that American foreign policy has erred for a generation or more in one outstanding respect. It has always been one jump behind reality—prior to World War I relying upon distance from trouble; immediately afterward upon isolationism when support of the League might have preserved the peace in stable form; during World War II upon power through a combination of strong states, until Russia destroyed that hope; after World War II upon a containment of Russian imperialism, which again we have found not only difficult and nervewracking but fearfully expensive.

Mr. Mowrer notes a growing recognition that Communist imperialism is a symptom of world distress, not wholly a cause, and that the basic need of the world is to eliminate war. It is difficult to disagree either with his diagnosis or with the therapeutic value of the suggested medicine—a world federation strong enough to enforce world law. Unhappily, that medicine is hard to find.

There are few shadowy areas in Mr. Mowrer's landscapes and few qualifications for some of his more defiant conclusions. He is so convinced that power is the primary purpose of people in politics that he seems at times to regard it as their only purpose. He readily concludes that the "all but inevitable relationship between sovereign states is one of potential hostility" and consequently "peace between sovereign states can be only an armed truce—a respite . . . for preparing to inflict new wounds. . . . The final choice of every power is: succumb or fight." This is a discouraging prospect for those earnest but less impetuous seekers of peace who would yield a modicum of sovereignty in the interest of world agreement yet are not ready to plunge abruptly into a world state of whose characteristics the prophets tell us so little. Nationalism's extreme forms are proven perils, but not all nationalism is extreme, and known perils can sometimes be avoided. It is the unknown which stirs uneasiness in politics, as elsewhere.

The difficulties of diplomacy, as a democratic nation must practise it, are well illustrated by an author whose observation of our diplomacy stretches back a generation. He notes particularly democracy's handicaps in devising and employing a strong foreign policy, in contrast with the despot's ability at all times to "act with dispatch and in the dark," to "change tactics overnight," and to "openly prepare for war without the sentimental and economic resistance a free people exert." The democracy seeks always internal betterments, yet on occasion must learn to put foreign politics before domestic politics. Their bases are different, and the accepted rules of the one, he points out, do not work at all with the other. From that fact come many of our errors.

Experience supports Mr. Mowrer in his distrust of international law as a firm reliance and, regrettably, in his conclusion that no nation can profitably make a one-sided application of the golden rule. It supports, too, many of his judgments on errors in the past three decades. Unless one is iso-

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Co. through World Government

lationist, it is impossible to disagree with his stern and well-stated views on the Senate's murder of the League. He does a most useful job in proclaiming even now the large merits of the much-abused Versailles Treaty and in denouncing the "economaniacs" (notably Keynes) who, in the cynical Twenties, shattered America's faith in American achievement and probably did as much damage to an understanding of foreign policies as was done in their own ways by the "sentimentalists" at one extreme or, at the other, the "realists" who went in for Machiavellianism. He notes bitterly the false concepts which guided the policy-makers after Woodrow Wilson —that America was invulnerable, that "foreign wars" must at all cost be avoided, that national prosperity could survive in a ruined world. From these, plus an underestimate of German and Russian recuperative powers, great troubles grew. Yet, large as were American follies in helping to thwart France and build up Germany, in spurring Japan onward (which was the last thing intended), in relying upon distance-and-disarmament and then upon the moral disarmament of the Kellogg-Briand "adventure in witchcraft" (whereby "nearly sixty governments agreed by an exercise of will to expel the demon of aggression"), it is something of a strain to accept that "without the Nye investigation and the neutrality acts there might have been no democratic sell-out of Czechoslovakia." Democratic decadence and well-disposed people's complacency brought their own dire punishment, but America was not the the sole sinner.

Some of the most interesting pages deal with Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward Russia and the extent to which it was influenced by an insufficient understanding of either Russian imperialism or Soviet Communism. It is a subject upon which Mr. Mowrer has much that is admirable to say from his own large experience, but more than one reader will decline to accompany him in several of his extreme judgments of what should have been done. Thus, he suggests that Mr. Roosevelt should have volunteered no aid to Russia in mid-1941 but, rather, waited for a Moscow plea for help and "if Soviet Russia succumbed in the predicted six weeks Washington and London would have to do their best alone." But was it not essential in those fateful weeks that Russia be kept from succumbing, for our own security if for no less selfish reason? Again, he believes we should have exacted binding promises from Russia as to the future. But did Russia's other promises prove binding? And when we did get "tough" with her in the matter of Allied control in Italy, did that not lead to Russia's greater toughness in the Balkans to our great embarrassment, as Mr. Mowrer notes elsewhere? Would it have been a simple thing to eliminate Franco by naval blockade of Spain once Germany was in hand (remember the irresistible bawlings, a few hours after V-J Day to "bring the boys home")? Is it so certain that a "single American brigade on the Dalmatian coast, a single United States battalion in Bulgaria" would have done much to halt Russia—even overlooking the immediate problems of logistics? Should Mr. Roosevelt, as suggested, have made public every unacceptable Russian proposal—the war being on at the time? Often it is possible to be wise after the fact, but there are many, heartily agreeing with Mr. Mowrer in his admiration for Mr. Roosevelt's powers and also in his detestation of much which actually was done, who will have their doubts that his post-facto suggestions are perfect.

The "nightmare" to which the title refers is the uncertainty of whether now, in 1948, the nation's leaders will wake and use their power in the way which Mr. Mowrer urges—that is, to bring about the world state. Mr. Mowrer himself, for all his hopes, appears to doubt it.

French philosopher, who recently pointed out in the columns of the moderate Paris newspaper *Le Monde* that French labor, for lack of constitutional arrangements, now exerts extra-legal political pressure through powerful unions; if French democracy is to survive it must be so reorganized as to authorize political participation by labor. How many of us have gotten beyond the stage of regarding our own labor groups with mixed anxiety and condescension, or have done more than dismiss that doughty fighter for social democracy Norman Thomas with the pat phrase, "perennial candidate"? And if, in spite of our unexcelled sources of information through press, radio, television, and a wide range of commentators, we are not yet aware of the changes that are going on around us—and were going on before Karl Marx wrote "Das Kapital" or Lenin set up a Soviet regime—then how can we even begin to formulate a foreign policy relevant to the world we live in? What we urgently need right now is not merely a board of military strategy familiar with the most recent inventions of scientific warfare, but also a board of diplomatic strategy whose members have an overall picture of the forces at work in contemporary society and keep this picture always up to date.

Without such continuous stocktaking we may find ourselves engaged in much waste motion. As a people we are both generous and impatient. It is not improper for us to acknowledge publicly that no nation in history has voluntarily given so much to other nations without material return as we have through Lend-Lease, UNRRA, relief contributions by private agencies, the ERP, and other channels. But neither should we be ashamed to recognize that some of this aid was and is being given to assure the realization of this country's political and economic objectives—notably to check Russia and Communism. We shall be respected all the more abroad if we do not lay claim to superhuman virtues.

Being impatient, we Americans want to see our generosity, whatever its motives, bear quick fruit. We tend to be well-nigh intolerant if the recipients of our aid do not promptly comply with conditions we believe to be necessary for the most effective utilization of the funds or goods we make available to them. There is a danger that under the ERP, this nation, committed to free private enterprise at home, may quite unconsciously become more obsessed with plans for Europe than the five-year planners. Our intentions are excellent. But lack of knowledge concerning the conditions under which other people live, and reluctance to take whatever time may be needed to work out complex problems deeply rooted in centuries of history, often cause our intentions to miscarry. Our impatience to get on with the job in hand is certainly far preferable to apathy or fatalism. But we must learn to master our impulses and direct them more coherently to ends that are thought out in advance. Otherwise we may find that our most generous undertakings will be dissipated like water poured over sand, without fertilizing the soil or leaving a lasting imprint.

A board of diplomatic strategy would also have to take into account another aspect of the task of reconciling our ideals and our practice. Day in, day out, we reaffirm our belief in the equality of peoples, irrespective of race and religion. In the UN we urge that our ideals should be incorporated in an international bill

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The World. *In his "Education in a Divided World" (reviewed in this issue) President Conant of Harvard urges Americans to "study the Soviet philosophy, . . . examine and debate the creed of the Communist Party as it has been formulated both here and in foreign lands." Unfortunately, adequate books analyzing the Russian problem are scarce. Julian Towster's "Political Power in the USSR," reviewed here, is therefore timely, and can be supplemented by Bertrand Wolfe's "Three Who Made a Revolution," a study of Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin (also reviewed in this issue). The recent "As We See Russia," by members of the Overseas Press Club, is a series of eye-witness accounts of the USSR. . . . García-Granados's "The Birth of Israel," reviewed below, comes when the Palestine problem is growing in intensity, as does "This Is Israel," by I. F. Stone, about to make its appearance.*

Democratic Centralism in Russia

POLITICAL POWER IN THE USSR 1917-1947. By Julian Towster. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 443 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by D. FEDOTOFF WHITE

THIS book belongs to the small group of scholarly works on the Soviet Union which combined a high degree of erudition with uncompromising objectivity. Professor Towster has examined a vast array of documentary evidence. But, what is more important, he has succeeded in thoroughly digesting this mass of material and in avoiding the pitfall—into which a good many earnest students of the USSR have fallen—of accepting at its face value the verbiage of Soviet state documents. After summing up in a succinct manner the evidence of the Soviet constitutions, decrees, and pronouncements of the leaders and scholars of the Union, Dr. Towster confronts the results with the actual practice, thus adding immensely to the efficacy of his analysis. He says:

> The USSR is a strict dictatorship with a number of democratically earmarked features, operating on a principle designated as "democratic centralism." The main dictatorial features of the Soviet polity are the paucity of circulation of the highest élite—the virtual absence of change in the personnel of the top echelon of the Party, which holds the monopoly of leadership; the degree of restriction and suppression of free exchange of ideas on socio-political fundamentals: and the extent of violence permitted in the system of rule. Its chief ameliorative features are the practices of equality for the nationalities, the multiplicity of conciliar organs, and the encouragement of popular participation in the implementation of policy.

Professor Towster is of the opinion that the conception of the range and probable life-span of government in the Soviet Union "was milder in the earlier years, and much talk was tolerated about the 'softening of the dictatorship' and the 'withering away of the state'." The Soviet leaders' views in this respect grew "as . . . the enormity of the transformation sought revealed itself in the process of prosecution." The Soviet government has actually operated "as a crisis government over the greater part of its existence." The author is convinced that the main conditioning element in this development "has been the conviction of the Soviet leaders that massive power must remain in the state until a Socialist society, as well as a unified outlook of its citizenship, is established in the USSR beyond the possibility of internal or external challenge."

The author believes that the tight control exercised by the top leaders of the Russian Communist Party has its disadvantages, as some of the highest Soviet diplomats are "unable to move without frequent instructions from the center."

As to the future, Dr. Towster firmly believes that progress in peace depends first of all on the ability of the Soviet and the non-Soviet worlds to adjust in time their conceptions of political power and economic stability, so that this could ultimately lead to international stability and world order, but "no one can predict with any degree of certainty that such a development will prove possible."

In reviewing such an excellent book one does not like to mention its minor blemishes. These are concerned with the author's handling of references to pre-November 1917 Russian history. He does not seem to have as firm a grasp of its events and trends as of those connected with the main topics of his study. Fortunately, these digressions into pre-Revolutionary history are few and do not affect the general course of his argument.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

PAIRS OF NAMES

Carl S. Criswell, of Allentown, Pa., gives you twenty pairs of names of literary characters who might easily be brother and sister or brother and brother. Each name is from a different work by a different author, no author or work being repeated. Can you name the work in which each name appears and its author? Allowing two and one-half points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 38.

1.	Aaron Adams	Alice Adams
2.	Oliver Alden	Roberta Alden
3.	Joseph Andrews	Pamela Andrews
4.	Benjamin Blake	Franklin Blake
5.	Josiah Crawley	Rowdan Crawley
6.	Jacob Flanders	Moll Flanders
7.	Henry Fleming	Rhoda Fleming
8.	Lem Forrester	Marian Forrester
9.	Silas Foster	Tony Foster
10.	Agnes Grey	Vivian Grey
11.	He	She
12.	Annabel Lee	Simon Lee
13.	Amyas Leigh	Aurora Leigh
14.	Francie Nolan	Philip Nolan
15.	Kimball O'Hara	Suellen O'Hara
16.	Mildred Rogers	Robert Rogers
17.	Long John Silver	Mattie Silvers
18.	Hetty Sorrel	Kit Sorrel
19.	Harold Wilson	Robert Wilson
20.	Frederick Winterbourne	George Winterbourne

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A Guatemalan on Palestine

THE BIRTH OF ISRAEL: The Drama as I Saw It. By Jorge García-Granados. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 291 pp. $3.

Reviewed by J. C. HUREWITZ

SINCE the war's close, two international commissions have examined the Palestine problem. One represented the United Kingdom and the United States, the other the United Nations. After the first inquiry, Richard Crossman, a British member, and Bartley C. Crum, an American member, wrote narratives of their respective experiences. Now Jorge García Granados has followed suit with an account of his personal observations as representative for Guatemala on the United Nations Special Commission on Palestine, or UNSCOP, as it came to be known, and later as spokesman for his country at two sessions of the General Assembly.

All three started out with little knowledge of the Palestine dispute. They ended up with pro-Zionist sympathies and the conviction that only partition held out the prospect of a permanent solution. The parallel, however, goes no further. Crossman wrote as if he were lecturing on logic at Oxford, Crum as if he were exposing international intrigue. The volume by García-Granados presents a balanced analysis of the problem which UNSCOP found, interspersed with lively thumbnail sketches of his fellow investigators and vivid descriptions of what he saw. Attention is focused primarily on elements of human interest.

The author's background predisposed him to a sympathetic understanding of Zionism. As a leader in the struggle against autocratic rule in his native land, García-Granados was disturbed in Palestine by the police state which the mandatory had created. The mandatory's practice of arrest without charge or trial, its rigid censorship of the press, and its elaborate military establishment were features of government which he knew the British would never tolerate at home.

Gracía-Granados, as he implies in his book, was drawn to the Zionist terrorists because in his own youth he had been a political rebel and had suffered persecution, imprisonment, and even the threat of execution. On the other hand, he dismisses the claims of the terrorists to all of Palestine and Transjordan as unrealistic and unjust.

In the same class is placed the obstinate refusal of the Arab Higher Committee—the political directorate of the Palestine Arabs—and the Arab League to accord any recognition to Zionism and the Jewish national home. García-Granados, the crusader for democracy in Guatemala, was not attracted to the Higher Committee, it seems, because of its unrepresentative character, its intimidation of the Palestine Arabs, and the wartime association of its members with the Axis nations.

Of the social and economic achievements of the Palestine Jews, the collective villages left the deepest impression on the author. In this voluntary Socialist way of life he saw the possibility of a solution for the problem of the Indians in his own country. And the almost unanimous choice of Palestine on the part of the displaced European Jews completed García-Granados's conversion to the cause for the founding of a Jewish state in a divided Palestine.

The description of what happened to UNSCOP's report at Lake Success is the weakest section of the book. The author is aware of Big Power maneuvers but he does not probe beneath the surface for motivations. He is conscious of British obstructionism. Yet nowhere does he point his finger at the principal causes: the state of near-bankruptcy in which the United Kingdom was left by the war, the consequent contraction of its imperial responsibilities, and its desire with respect to Palestine to establish for itself a neutral legal position which it no longer enjoyed as a mandatory.

United States gyrations of policy are enumerated. But certainly Washington's strange behavior is more complicated than an official "tug-of-war going on behind the scenes" between the pro-Zionists and "influential members of the Army, spokesmen of the oil interests, and several key State Department officials." Nor is any attempt made to account for the inherent contradiction between the Kremlin's continued ban on Zionist activity within the USSR and its unequivocal support of Zionism at Lake Success. Indeed, Soviet tactics remain entirely unexplained.

By and large, the contents of "The Birth of Israel" are well known to those who have followed the press reports on United Nations handling of the Palestine issue. But certain details regarding UNSCOP's private hearings, as well as the lobbying by interested parties at the United Nations, are released for the first time. The volume will be greeted with enthusiasm by Zionists and their well-wishers. By the same token it is bound to incur the displeasure of the Arabs and their champions. In any case, the author's refreshing style and honest simplicity make it a welcome addition to the swelling literature on Palestine.

J. C. Hurewitz, recently of the State Department, was an OSS expert on Palestine during World War II.

"*Est* is *Est* and *Ouest* is *Ouest*, but where is the Palais de Chaillot?"

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Personal History.

"There is an hour to come," wrote Hawthorne in "The Minister's Black Veil," "when all of us shall cast aside our veils." The veil is lifted in part from Hawthorne's enigmatic life by two new biographies, reviewed here. Chronicler of "secret sin, and those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would fain conceal from our own consciousness," Hawthorne indeed held in his mind "sorrows dark enough to be typified by a black veil." . . . Other books reviewed below include an autobiography by Phyllis Bottome, English novelist and author of more than thirty books, and Kay Summersby's "Eisenhower Was My Boss," a fit curtain-raiser for Eisenhower's own story, "Crusade in Europe," appearing later this month. Bertram Wolfe's "Three Who Made a Revolution" can best be compared with last spring's fine "Lenin: A Biography," by David Shub.

Closed Room & Haunted Chamber

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: A Biography. By Randall Stewart. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1948. 279 *pp.* $4.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: The American Years. By Robert Cantwell. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 499 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

"IF ever I should have a biographer," wrote Hawthorne to Sophia, "he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs." He has had many biographers, and most of them have followed these instructions. The closed room in his Salem home and the haunted chamber of his mind provide a double symbol that must be explained or explained away:

First, he was his own chronicler, with his copious and detailed notebooks and his revealing (though still largely unpublished) letters. Then came a cluster of memoirs from his friends: Horatio Bridge, Stoddard, Field; and from his family: his son Julian, his daughter Rose, his grandson Manning. Finally, there were more nearly objective studies from Woodberry, Henry James, Conway, Arvin, Morris, Jackson. Yet a definitive biography has never appeared. Randall Stewart comes the closest to supplying it; Robert Cantwell adds copiously to the Hawthorne myth.

There is a simple reason for the many attempts at his biography and for the relative failures. Hawthorne was different from most in that the link between the inner life of imagination and the outer life of fact was broken; it is the biographer's task to mend it. Hawthorne had difficulty in distinguishing the one reality from the other and he has willed the confusion to his commentators. Some have attempted to resolve it by entering the brilliant but dark world of his imagination through his notebooks, his sketches, and his stories, and working out to a believable portrait of the man. Others have taken the handsome, friendly portrait painted in words by Julian and supported by most of those who knew him in the circle of his family and friends and have attempted to give conviction to the paradoxical art which came from his pen. The problem presents the most challenging paradox that could face a biographer. Impossible of solution, it still demands a solution somehow.

Neither Mr. Stewart nor Mr. Cantwell solves it, yet both enrich our understanding of our greatest writer of pure fiction before Henry James. The two books stand in violent contrast to each other. Mr. Stewart's is the product of years of close study by the number one authority on the subject. Stripped to essentials, lean and swift in thought and style, it says all that can surely be said. Mr. Cantwell's is a testimonial to an exciting discovery by a novice, followed by a decade of consecration. Conceived in the form of the modern thousand-page chronicle of family and regional life, it uses almost half of that number to tell what Mr. Stewart compresses to a hundred. Without deliberate falsification of facts, it is an artist's recreation of the life of an artist in his total environment of people, places, actions, thoughts, and emotions. Hawthorne's life up to "The Scarlet Letter" (1850) presents a perfect novel outline, with conflict, plot, counterplot, struggle, progress, and achievement. Mr. Cantwell wisely stops before the diffusion and decline of the next fourteen years—his method could not cope with it—but Mr. Stewart can go on.

The contrast can be demonstrated more precisely by comparing the treatments by the two biographers of, for example, the North Adams trip of 1838, of which Hawthorne left a 25,000-word journal. Mr. Stewart supplies the bare facts of the journey in a paragraph, without raising the question of why the trip was made or suggesting that there was anything unusual about it. It was merely a solitary summer excursion, entirely in character. "As a descriptive record of life a century ago in the interior of New England, it would be difficult to find its equal in literature. The journal abounds in 'remarkable characters,' closely observed and delineated." Turn then to Mr. Cantwell: "At 11:30 P.M., July 12, 1838, the public powder magazine at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, exploded. It was demolished. . . . On July 21, Hawthorne set out for Pittsfield. He stopped at the Peabodys' to say goodbye to Sophia. He told her that he would be away for three months. He said that he was not going to write or be written to; his destination was a secret." Both authors note that one result of the expedition was the story of "Ethan Brand," yet without evidence other than his own inferences and the circumstances of the explosion considered in detail, Mr. Cantwell gives us a secret agent of some vague officialdom, whereas Mr. Stewart is content with an imaginative summer pilgrim.

The contrasting methods carry throughout. With all the important documents at his elbow, Mr. Stewart speaks simply and without apparent effort; after an insatiable quest for collateral information and a devouring of all the printed reminiscences, Mr. Cantwell builds up a complex story. In reading Stewart, one feels the sense

Nathaniel Hawthorne—"The link between the inner life of imagination and the outer . . . of fact was broken."

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of security in authority, the comfort of finality, even though one is left with many unanswered riddles: Why was this healthy American so often morbid in his thoughts and dreams? By what miracle could these dark stories come from such a pen? In reading Cantwell, one shares in the author's excitement and is carried by an imaginative grasp of a thousand facts and a hundred people into the very life of a place, a man, and an era. If sufficiently on guard for plausible inferences, one may permit Mr. Cantwell to weave his web of fact and feeling about the sturdy core of Mr. Stewart's proven and disciplined knowledge. But if only one biography can be allowed on the Hawthorne shelf beside the collected fiction, notebooks, memoirs, and letters (soon to come), it will of course be "Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Biography," by Randall Stewart.

Life with the Bottomes

SEARCH FOR A SOUL. By Phyllis Bottome. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 306 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

BY an odd dispensation, reviewers' fees are not graduated by the length of the books they have to read —so I am paying Miss Bottome's story of her early years a considerable compliment when I say I wish it had been at least twice as long. It is fascinating, modest, over-kind to her parents (but what a relief that is), over-severe at times to herself, at once good narrative, provocative psychology, and wistful, rather ineffective philosophy. "Search for a Soul" is certainly one of the most remarkable self-revelations made by a living novelist.

Its chief fault is, as I say, that it is not far longer. To ask for greater profundity would be silly, because that is to ask for a different author. Phyllis Bottome, the third child in a family of three girls and one boy, the youngest, had an American father and an English-Scotch mother. She was born on the 31st of May, 1882. Her father and grandfather were clergymen, the grandfather an immigrant from Derbyshire. Miss Bottome's mother came from a distinguished Quaker family, the Peases of Yorkshire.

When this story of eighteen years begins, Mr. Bottome is in charge of a parish, tiny and then blessedly remote, Fawley-Under-the-Downs, in Berkshire, not far from King Alfred's Wantage. Now here is my first serious complaint. How did it happen that an American, presumably ordained in America, became vicar of a village in England? Why did he leave these United States? What pressure was brought to bear by the charming, maddening, lovely *malade imaginaire* who was Phyllis Bottome's mother? Does Miss Bottome even now realize that, if her account of her father's abilities, preaching power, and capacity for good fellowship are true at all, that here, if ever, was a man whose career was ruined by a selfish, exacting, exorbitant wife? Oh, and of course by his own sweetness and weakness. It is not that Miss Bottome cannot face facts. She admits bravely that one of the dominant influences in her own childhood and adolescence was a flaming hatred for the eldest child, her sister Wilmett; but Wilmett, who died when the author was not nineteen years old, was an obvious tyrant. Even now Miss Bottome does not seem to recognize how much more lethal, more evil, was the tyranny of her mother's distracting, disarming, essentially dishonest charm.

Then, in 1890, the Bottome family moved to America, and the eight-year-old Phyllis "saw the gates of Paradise open without the hint of a fiery sword between us and the Tree of Life." This expectation of glory was no doubt based on a visit to England of her American relatives, who were loving and lovable. Phyllis's father was curate of a church at Yonkers, and then moved to Jamaica, Long Island. He might have been a rector in Yonkers or Westchester; but he had a rare talent for choosing the most difficult road. They made friends, and the elder sisters had admirers; but Mrs. Bottome could not bear the freedom of American manners and took refuge in determined invalidism. Phyllis fought vigorously with Wilmett; enjoyed and suffered from her school life; had a holiday in England when she was eleven; then, back in New York, went to a boarding school conducted by an order of Anglican nuns on 17th Street. In 1896, the unfortunate Mr. Bottome was forced by his wife to take the family back to England.

Phyllis Bottome—"forced to abandon a career as a diseuse..."

Before the book's end, Wilmett has died, tragically, reconciled to her sister. Mr. Bottome is a disappointed, worried man, still devoted to his wife. Phyllis, forced to abandon a career as a *diseuse*, has had her first novel (she was eighteen years old) accepted for Longmans by the formidable Andrew Lang. And Mrs. Bottome is enjoying ill health.

It is impossible to overstress the appeal of this book for any who knew England in the Eighties or Nineties; I fancy, though here I can speak only from hearsay, it will attract those who knew New York in those decades. It is such vivid, honest, and on the whole astonishingly accurate records as "Search for a Soul" that the historians of the future will use. Here is a source book as well as a work of art.

Ike's Kay-Ration

EISENHOWER WAS MY BOSS. By Kay Summersby. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1948. 302 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

LIKE so many of the golden plums of this world, it just fell into her lap. Kay Summersby was a good-looking Irish divorcée who had done a little photography, a little "extra" work in the films in London, and some modeling for Worth when war was declared in 1939. She joined up at once with the Motor Transport Corps, spent the first winter of the war at a post in Lambeth, where the smart MTC uniforms were bitterly resented, worked there as ambulance driver during the terrible blitz which began in August 1940. She came to know the intricate London streets, the short cuts, that winter, racing constantly against death, and when, in 1941, the American officers needed drivers who knew London, she was among the MTC girls transferred to U.S. Army Headquarters. One day, in May 1942, definitely put out because several of her friends had been assigned to three-star generals, she drove to Paddington to pick up a Major-General Eisenhower, one of a group of Very Important Persons coming down by train from Prestwick Airport. "An Army driver's prestige is based solely on the rank of the uniform in the back seat," and Miss Summersby was irritated at being sent for an unheard-

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of, two-star nobody. Nevertheless, she enjoyed her ten days of driving for General Eisenhower and General Clark; they worked staggeringly long hours, but they treated her without formality: "It was a complete turnabout from the chill dignity of the British staff officers, not as tiring as the dirty wisecracks, wandering hands, and childish chatter of many American and Canadian officers."

When Eisenhower was returned to London as commander of the European Theatre of Operations, Kay Summersby became part of his "official family," first as driver, later as his receptionist, personal secretary, and aide, and began what was surely the nearest approach to a glamorous career of any afforded by World War II. She drove the General on his heavy round of appointments, on inspection tours over battle-scarred roads murderously crowded with heavy convoys. In Italy, France, Africa, and Germany, she met innumerable Very Important Persons, picknicked with President Roosevelt, dined with Winston Churchill, knew scores of generals (Patton was her favorite, next to her boss). Of King George and General Montgomery, both of whom failed to treat her with the easy familiarity to which the Americans had accustomed her, maintaining a strict and frosty formality, she writes with very feminine pique. She was the first British woman (though by this time she was an officer in the WAC) to enter defeated Berlin, one of the three Western women permitted to witness Nazi Germany's formal surrender.

Between the lines of her account of her extraordinary years, one can read the qualities which gained and kept her a unique position: great discretion and modesty over the important issues which were being decided under her nose but which she at no time claims to have foreseen, good nature, personal courage, willingness to work long hours uncomplainingly, and a very human and normal excitement over meeting the big names of the war. A good bridge-player, she must have been a sympathetic and amusing member of a staff which worked and —though not very often—played together under terrible strain.

Obviously, it is for her portrait of her boss that her book is important; the simplicity, the ability to get on with everyone, the untiring, tremendous capacity for work, the quick, intelligent curiosity, the thoughtfulness for others, the complete fairness but quick temper, all are noted.

Superficially, this seems merely a highly readable account of a most unusual war experience; but future years may find it, just possibly, a milestone in the changing status of woman in a changing world.

Bolshevik State's Pre-Natal History

THREE WHO MADE A REVOLUTION. By Bertram D. Wolfe. New York: The Dial Press. 1948. 642 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HAL LEHRMAN

BERTRAM D. WOLFE, an old and steady hand at dissection of the Soviet enigma, does a monumental piece of probing here into the pre-natal history of the Bolshevik State. With clinical objectivity, he lays bare the beginnings of the stiffest headache of our times as traced in the lives and works of the Lenin and Trotsky who sired the Revolution and the Stalin who kidnapped it, and in the factional feuds, social convulsions, and European wars which long ago shaped its lugubrious future. This is one of those rare books which are obviously destined from the moment of publication to become a source and authority for the guidance of all later writers on the subject. It is to be hoped that "Three Who Made a Revolution" will also be discovered and widely studied by a general public which earnestly wants to understand why the Soviets behave the way they do.

Casual readers may lack the fortitude to persevere through the stout chapters which Mr. Wolfe spends on the hair-splitting disputations of the various Marxist sects. The wranglings over ideology, tactics, and strategy, the fine-spun and incessant argufying, absorbed the revolutionaries so passionately that they practically ignored the Russo-Japanese War and were quite surprised by the 1905 Revolution. Ordinarily the spectacle of philosophers feverishly crowding the point of a needle would not deserve such detailed inspection. But these apparently sterile debates did in fact produce much of the sinister foundation which today supports the Soviet Union and its Communist branches around the globe.

The very name *Bolsheviki*—"Majorityists"—was bogus from the start, a title coined for itself by a minority which soon broke into more splinters. The Lenin whom many still believe to have been so eminently civilized emerges as an unscrupulous doctrinaire claiming eternal truth for his minority, and for it alone, even when that minority dwindles to one man—himself; a man capable of diverting party funds, packing a meeting with his stooges, locking its doors against comrades who until yesterday were his dearest friends.

The faces of the "Three" manage to shine with varying clarity through the copious quotations from sectarian tracts, letters, and speeches. Trotsky's image is sharpest, thanks to the abundant testimony left by himself and others and thanks also to the author's obvious esteem for the brilliant youth, enamored of his own voice, who took up Marxism almost as a fad and fought and died for it with prodigious expenditure of his genius as orator and polemicist.

Lenin's methods and errors undergo merciless scrutiny, but his greatness is ungrudgingly demonstrated, along with his selfless zeal, his grasp of essentials down to the writing of a manual on street-fighting with specific instructions on how to throw tacks before cavalry horses, his gentleness as a husband and a friend (provided you agreed with him), and his Olympian good spirits on occasions when he was not tormented by the loneliness of exile or the uncooperativeness of his colleagues. In humanizing Lenin, Mr. Wolfe has good, clean sport with the cherry-tree legends spun by Soviet hagiographers, such as the one about the fourteen-year-old schoolboy Lenin lecturing to workers and peasants on "the causes of their poverty." As for Stalin, of course, the debunking is sheer delight and leaves virtually nothing when the process is completed, due to the thoroughness with which the Soviet dictator has harnessed the entire State apparatus, including historians and executioners,

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 281

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 281 *will be found in the next issue.*

LP ABUT CABL DPK

CBFL GM HGQATM; OKL

LP OT BORT LP SP

CGLAPKL GM EPCTH.

XTPHXT NQSPFBRS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 280

The government that shakes its fist first and its finger afterwards falls into contempt.

ELIHU ROOT.

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to fabricate his own mythology and liquidate inconvenient witnesses. Mr. Wolfe proves that Stalin the young revolutionary is credited with presiding over Party conferences to which in fact he was not even a delegate, leading strikes with which he had no connection, receiving letters from his great "friend" Lenin which were impossible for him to get, and in general dominating Bolshevik councils long before he was anything but an unknown Georgian ex-seminarist with a talent for sullen vindictiveness.

Molotov, one is pleased to learn from Lenin himself, is an "incurable dumbbell." Maxim Litvinov, now retired on a shelf, once posed as an Ecuadorian Army officer and tried to run guns in a yacht across the Black Sea. There is food for somber thought in Mr. Wolfe's evidence that Czarist tyranny, correctly charged with being black, nevertheless permitted Lenin and the rest to write, study, and foment insurrection in Siberian exile, publish seditious journals, and otherwise enjoy a tolerance unthinkable in the workers' paradise which has succeeded the despotism of the Romanoffs. Facts like these are available elsewhere but nowhere so compactly as in this long but remarkably meaty book. It stops short abruptly at the outbreak of World War I, and by inadvertence the first edition fails to note that Mr. Wolfe is preparing another volume in a series. Judging from the instalment we already have, the completed work will stand as an enduring record of the origins and aftermath of the ten days which are still shaking the world.

—*International News Photo.*

Trotsky, Lenin, Kaminev in on "the beginning of the stiffest headache of our times" when Stalin was "an unknown . . . with a talent for vindictiveness."

Fiction. *Most of the novels reviewed this week specialize in the exasperations and personal dramas of small-town life, whether in Mississippi, Florida, Wisconsin, Cornwall, or Southern France. Only one is completely cheerful, "Laughter from Downstairs," by Czenzi Ormonde, in which a transplanted Bohemian family leads a fine, hearty life in the Pacific Northwest. In Francois Mauriac's "The Unknown Sea," money and property are the masters of fate, ruling the destinies of the people of the countryside around Boulogne. A first-rate addition to the growing number of essentially religious historical novels is LeGette Blythe's "Bold Galilean," in which Christ is the central figure. Yet another, Lloyd C. Douglas's "The Fisherman," will be published later this month.*

A Jansenist Eye on Evil

THE UNKNOWN SEA. By François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 236 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS is the third of the admirable translations by Gerard Hopkins which, in a continuing series, are bringing the fiction of one of France's most serious, most percipient, and most distinguished novelists to the attention of the English-reading public. Readers who find intellectual integrity and artistic self-discipline valuable in direct proportion to their rarity in the books of a generation which is the willing, paying victim of slick writing dodges, easy sensationalism, and commercial ballyhoo, will be happy to add "The Unknown Sea" to the shelf which already holds "A Woman of the Pharisees" and "Thérèse," published here in the autumns of 1946 and 1947.

As he almost always is, M. Mauriac is here engaged with the evil which abides in our world; with its forces and manifestations, acting through human character, finding vent in human behavior, and thereby creating patterns of destiny. His theatre, as usual, is the region of southwestern France which has Bordeaux for its center; while his characters, also as usual, belong to a society which puts property above all other earthly goods, which brings a religious fervor to the preservation and augmentation of wealth. Léonie Costadot is the type of all her tribe, when she seeks to excuse a singularly ruthless act by assuring herself:

> Money is our master and imposes its law on us, whether, as in my case, one is only moderately well off or whether one is the possessor of a fortune so large as to set the imagination reeling. I *had* to do everything humanly possible to save those four hundred thousand francs: there was no other choice open to me. I would move heaven and earth for four hundred thousand francs. I can think of nothing I wouldn't do!

Beginning with the scandalous financial ruin and suicide of a prominent Bordeaux lawyer, "The Unknown Sea" unfolds the multiple effects of these twin events upon the members of three families and the dead man's confidential clerk, Monsieur Landin. It is Oscar Revolou's descent from the heights to nothingness which serves as the proximate cause by which the interlocking lives of all these characters are deflected from anticipated courses into inescapable grooves of fate.

Julien, Revolou's eldest son,

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Publisher's Gallery

—Drawn from life by Norkin.

XVII. Burton C. Hoffman

BURTON C. HOFFMAN uses first-person-plural in discussing The Dial Press. "That I am president is unimportant," he protests, "since everyone knows George Joel [v.p.] and me as a team." Six months after he bought the name of the once-famous but defunct *Dial* magazine, in 1938, he was joined by his alter ego. Since, they have animated their dream of a *small* publishing house—never more than 22 new titles in a year—reflecting their own personality. "We" have made all decisions, done all the editing and reading. "We have the fastest ms.-reading service in the business, 48 hours; it's a fetish," he gloats.

The effervescent Dial head gets so much fun from publishing that it has become his sole hobby, too. He reads others' wares for pleasure and to keep posted on the book world. He's "a native New Yorker—that is, I was born in New Jersey"—, learned his ABC's and R's at the Manhattan PS (No. 186) that fostered "Lucky" Luciano and La Pickford, and entered the publishing arena via "the usual journalism course" (Syracuse, '32) and a 6-year *Collier's* copyediting stretch. Dial publishes Dali, can claim credit for the Henry James revival, delights in The Permanent Library Series (from Goethe to Spender) and discovery of such "important talent" as Gladys Schmitt, among others.

In 1942, he bade his wife and Mr. Joel adieu and voluntarily went off to the wars. After two years he was plucked from the Tank Corps and set down in SHAEF in charge of publications. This role was highlighted by numerous encounters with Generalissimo Eisenhower always ending with 'Thank you, lieutenant'." Later came a captaincy and a Legion of Merit. "Everybody got one, so I got one, too."—E. P. H.

simply goes to bed and turns his face to the wall, refusing to live in a world that no longer holds his family eminent; while his mother follows him in his retreat, devoting herself wholly to caring for him, until she is forced to meet the truth that, "Death does not leave us in peace merely because we accept his coming. Simple nonresistance to pain is of no avail in the blind world of the flesh, in that universe of cells and globules which obey the law of their being and take no account of ours, since, in truth, they are not us at all."

Rejected by her betrothed, Robert Costadot—who is really as pusillanimous a creature as Julien, but one who manages to stay deceptively on his feet in the world, and conceal his utter emptiness from view—Rose Revolou draws upon mystical resources to confront an uncertain future, which holds at least a promise of possible salvation. But there can be none for her younger brother, Denis, who drifts into an affair with Irène Cavailhes, and thence into the chains of a marriage which must prove only a torture so long as it endures and is endured. Nor is there any salvation for Monsieur Landin, who, after his employer's death, is free to follow to its sordid and horrible end "his own fate as a piece of refuse thrown out from creation."

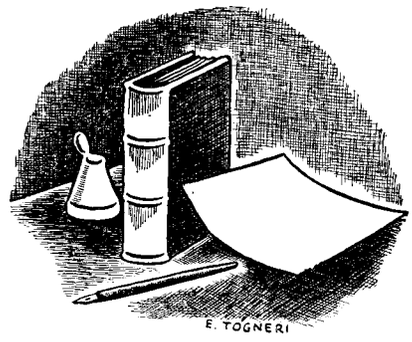
It is in contact with the Landin tragedy that Pierre, youngest of the Costadots, sees the abyss open before him. Pierre is a poet, a rebel against the Bordeaux society in which he has grown up; against a mother who could deal with an old friend as Léonie Costadot has dealt with Mme. Revolou; against a brother who could treat his fiancée as Robert has treated Rose. He has escaped to Paris, where he tells himself that his one duty is to the poetry hot within him, his one obligation "to open up a channel in himself down which the waters of this subterranean sea of song, this crude lava of poetry, might flow." A little later he feels that he must repudiate his class and his income; and then he encounters Landin, with whose last hours he is implicated. Revelation follows Landin's death:

> What had always, in a vague way, been for him the center and focus of his mind's distemper, took on now a form and substance. Mammon becomes but a secondary and minor monster as soon as he is seen as nothing but the slave of a much more fundamental and terrible power. Of what avail were reforms and revolutions? Sooner or later all such things must come to shipwreck, and those who hunger and thirst after justice are fated to run upon the rocks thrown up by another hunger and another thirst which merely to think of is abomination. No, thought Pierre, the only way to make a beginning was to come to grips with fallen human nature and its morbid growths. . . . The unquenchable fires of hell are lit in *this* world, and those whom theologians count as lost are marked for damnation at their birth, and even before it. The road which the boy poet, his head full of Atys and of Cybele, had been treading, turned out to lead quite simply to the squalid destiny of Landin, to the sheer drop that overhangs the sea of death.

But Pierre turns away from "the mysteries of faith," because he cannot "at will, alter the climate of his soul." He is "in a condition of complete emptiness when men of his temperament are at the mercy of any chance meeting." The meeting occurs, and he seeks to lose himself in ecstasies of the flesh. But such oblivion, for him, is impossible. "The filthy sewage of the world" is "in his eyes and nose, his ears and mouth." The pagan poet is helpless against all that the religion of his fathers had taught him. At last, he takes the simplest course. He walks away from responsibility, he throws off the terrible burden of freedom, by enlisting in the *chasseurs d'Afrique*. And after that he has to wait only until the significant spring of 1915, when he will be twenty-three.

This young poet is potentially, perhaps, the most interesting of the novel's characters, and, as one reads for the story's sake, one is sorry that the author has not more time to give to Pierre. But one also regrets that Landin is seen only in revealing flashes, and, indeed, one is somewhat worried by M. Mauriac's dispersion of interest, and the abruptness with which he shifts his focus of attention. Once the story is done however, and a little time has passed, the separate scenes and chapters fuse in memory.

Mauriac's view of life is not a pleasant one, for it is the Jansenist view which sees man as a naturally sinful and perverse creature; but it is an honest view, beautifully presented in the lifelike symbols of the novelist's art. And there is no righteous cruelty in this particular Jansenist. He observes and records, but he does not condemn; he pities, but he does not excuse.



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A Woman Saved

SERAPH ON THE SUWANEE. By Zora Neale Hurston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 311 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE author of this simple, colorfully written, and moving novel of life among the Florida Crackers is a born writer who, in such of her preceding works of fiction as "Jonah's Gourd Vine," has proved herself a person of exceptional talent. Her own career has been filled with variety and interest; she set out to be a geologist, turned to anthropology instead when told that there was no future for a woman in geology, and has won distinction as a folklorist in such books as "Mules and Men."

Her present theme is that of a woman saved, brought finally out of her feeling of insecurity that has crippled her life, by the wholehearted affection of a real man. Hence the title. The hero, Jim Meserve, plays the part of a "fiery and purifying minister of Jehovah," with sufficient success to make him seraphic.

Arvay Henson was a pretty, slight, neurotic young girl, with a talent for music and a fixation on a handsome preacher married to her sister, when Jim turned up at the "teppentime" camp where she lived and fell in love with her. Jim was a hard-working go-getter, who wanted the best for his wife, and their first step upward was to move to the citrus country.

The first child was an idiot, true to the Cracker blood, and this, of course, gave Arvay a fresh wound. Then there were two more, an attractive and intelligent girl and a handsome boy talented in music; but not even this kind of family, plus Jim's continued financial success, cured Arvay of her lifelong difficulty, made her whole.

At long last, Jim, barely saved from the attack of a rattlesnake in a symbolic scene, tells his wife of his disappointment in her, and goes away, leaving her to find herself. She does, and the story ends on a note of hope for the future, with true love triumphant but not in any conventionally sentimental sense.

Miss Hurston's wonderful ear for the vernacular, for the picturesque phrase and the poetical turn of words that so often is a part of the conversation of the unlettered, makes the novel one that may be read with constant surprise and delight, somewhat aside from its intrinsic merits as a piece of fiction. Her own prose is at times inclined to be stiff and somewhat graceless, but she makes the fullest possible, and very effective, use of the great richness of speech among her people.

Zora Neale Hurston . . . "a happy combination of lustiness and tenderness."

Samuel Spewack . . . "a can of peaches to keep the tale wagging."

Anyone who grew up in the South will find himself encountering on every page the familiar expressions of his childhood, half forgotten, and invoking nostalgia, like a language that has been put away in the subconscious, being no longer heard nor used. That fascinating word "tureckly," for example, which means exactly the opposite of its parent, "directly. . . ."

All Miss Hurston's fiction has had warmth of feeling, a happy combination of lustiness and tenderness, that gives it an appeal too often missing from much of the day's bloodless writing, which is sexless in spite of its frequently overpowering sexiness.

Our Moscow Legion

THE BUSY BUSY PEOPLE. By Samuel Spewack. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 280 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ORIANA ATKINSON

THIS is a novel by Samuel Spewack, co-author, with his wife Bella Spewack, of the hilarious "Boy Meets Girl." His new book is about life in modern Moscow, and is, naturally, not funny at all.

"The characters in this book are designed for credibility and therefore cannot bear any resemblance to actual persons in Moscow or Washington," says an acid note by the author on a flyleaf of the book. It is a wise precaution, that note. Otherwise Mr. Spewack might be accused of having listened at American Embassy doors in Moscow and of peeking through keyholes there, because the pictures he draws of Embassy career men and American journalists in that gray outpost of empire bear bitter resemblance to the unhappy Americans who hold our standard low in the shadow of the Kremlin walls. With the shining exceptions of the Ambassador and the Minister Counsellor, he lays open a heartbreaking cross-section of our Moscow Foreign Legion.

Mr. Spewack's Moscow Americans are a sorry lot: bumbling, shifty, and despicable. But they are alive, which is more than can be said of his Russians. One can see that Mr. Spewack has met Russians in Moscow and understands them. Yet only two of his Russian characters emerge warm and breathing. Bunin makes sense, touches the heart; faithful, idealistic old Bunin, abused and tortured by the State he believed in and loved; Bunin, coming at last to hopeless acceptance of the loss of every loyalty and every hope. He's real. And Brill, the toady, who gave up his American citizenship to ally himself with the workers' paradise, he's real. Dozens of Brills attach themselves to foreigners in Moscow, spying on them and reporting all their affairs to the receptive Russian police ear. They insinuate themselves into the lives of the people they betray, they scrounge, engage in petty thievery, play both ends against the middle, and are held in utter contempt by Russians and Americans alike. It's easy to recognize Brill.

A can of American peaches is the device used to keep the tale wagging. Stolen from the American Embassy storeroom by an American undersecretary, this durable can of peaches changes hands thirteen times before it comes back, intact, to the Embassy. A clever idea but not designed for

(*Continued on page* 28)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Brief Case; or, Every Man His Own Bartlett

IN TIME of paper shortage, brevity was praised.

I squandered tons of paper learning to be brief.

* * *

History of the next decade: Either find out the Way, or find the Way Out.

* * *

Tired men fly long voyages in overloaded planes to wrestle with our problems. Tired men weigh heavier than fresh.

* * *

The strongest commentator is the Outdoors. In garden, farm, beach or forest, are analogies of everything that puzzles us.

I said analogies, not answers.

* * *

I was taught as a child to drink from a silver mug; and, in literature, I still like to.

* * *

To make student veterans feel natural, the English Department adopted a service code. Required reading this term: HAMPRINDEN, MUCHADNIX, OTMOORVEN, ROJUTRAG, MERWIVWIND.

* * *

Dividing the world in two was always silly. Nothing is more disastrous than the Iron Curtain between "Work" and "Play." The artist doesn't know one from other.

* * *

Overtrained men, like overtrained dogs, can only do their civil duties when taken out on a leash.

* * *

In some States baby-sitters have to show responsibility by getting a license. The Baby that needs one most is the Atom.

* * *

The USA is behind the Celluloid Curtain. Other peoples know us mostly in technicolor.

* * *

I knew an old Quaker who tried to make his dog a non-resistant. But every dog is by nature a power politician.

Dogs, he insisted, can be partly sublimated. "Thee said thyself," he reminded me, "dogs don't bark at the milkman."

They do in a campaign year.

* * *

Don't sneer at Radio; it is the last best hope of earth. When the Doom comes, radio will let us know—at least in time to be sorry.

* * *

Even the Singing Commercials are just as comic as the old Street Cries collectors cherish. Think how people a few years hence will play them over and laugh. Think how they will need something to laugh about.

* * *

What Peace needs is a good Singing Commercial.

* * *

The United Nations, though castrated at birth, is still our only hope. Can it give us Ground Controlled Approach? Talk us in to a safe landing?

* * *

Optimists hoped, at Lake Success, that the Muse of History was genuflecting. She was only loosening her garters before entering the pew.

* * *

A practical State Department took to Europe five tons of stenography and a staff of eighty-four.

A dreamy Editor took three dozen spermy eggs.

Which was the realist?—The answer has been sealed until 1952.

* * *

If a saint, looked at from behind, still looks like a saint, he (or she) probably is. The Statue of Liberty doesn't; and I'm not quite sure about Gandhi and Shaw. Gandhi was the nearest we have seen.

The difficulty with saints, from behind is the only way we see them.

* * *

I was sorry, God said, to wipe out Man; but I really had to protect my investment.

Ask what the boys in the back planet will have.

* * *

The trouble was, they never learned to cry *Cheese it, the cops!* on an international basis.

* * *

Under the lower lip, even on rabbis and Greek bishops, are two naked channels where the beard does not grow. They are memorial to caveman meals a million years ago. Spillways where the juice ran down while we guzzled bones and blood.

We are still partly cave-men, who haven't found our Cave.

* * *

Read, every day, something no one else is reading. Think, every day, something no one else is thinking. Do, every day, something no one else would be silly enough to do.

It is bad for the mind to be always part of a unanimity.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Banished Poet

By Jeremy Ingalls

MÊNG HAO-RJAN, poet banished from the city,
Toss-luck of envy or official whim,
Lamented to his lute his loss of friends.

Mêng Hao-rjan, wanderer upon the mountains,
Remembered, one spring morning, how the storm
Shriveled the peach buds, slashed the orchid stems.

Mêng Hao-rjan, seldom called for, might he share
This thunder-scar, these elms with cankered boughs?
Here, in this far province, find my house?

Mêng Hao-rjan growing old, one statesman came
Scrambling the hills to bear him, late, his praise.
Mêng Hao-rjan fled, plunged frantic to his hutch.
Wang Wei, still faithful, coaxed him out again
Huddled in bedclothes, cautious. Here he stands,
Apologetic, mute. Before his eyes
The shriveled tree. The torn grass shelters him.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Shakespeare Confusion

SIR: As a footnote to criticism, I make two points in connection with Gelett Burgess's letter: [*SRL* LETTERS TO THE EDITOR Oct. 2] (1) Mr. Burgess quotes Mr. Redman's "any other Elizabethan dramatist" and then subtly (I hope unintentionally) changes to "any other Elizabethan writer" (col. 2), even including Edmund Spenser among his "dramatists." 2) It is interesting, though perhaps not important, that three of the chief Shakespeare confusionists are or were professional humorists: Mark Twain, Stephen Leacock, and Gelett Burgess (though Leacock was content, so far as I know, to keep "the man of Stratford").

Mr. Burgess's "important professor [s] of English literature in the United States" have something better to do than to spend their time answering the curious conglomerations of truth, half-truth, and falsehood which Mr. Burgess's letter typifies. The interested reader may consult J. M. Robertson's "The Baconian Heresy," published thirty-odd years ago, and forget the doctors, lawyers, beggarmen, chiefs, and the unnamed "scholars" who "have publicly attested to their belief [*sic*] that the true author was Edward De Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford" (or Bacon, Dyer, Rutland, Derby, Southampton, Florio, Raleigh, the Countess of Pembroke, Humpty Dumpty, etc.), and whose irresponsible imaginings "vitiate any claims to scholarship."

T. C. HOEPFNER.

Auburn, Ala.

SIR: Mr. Gelett Burgess's discovery that there are ignoramuses who, after all the evidence presented to the contrary, still believe the plays attributed to Shakespeare were actually written by that unlettered lout of a horse-holder, has alarmed me. I am now convinced that any further delay in arousing the reading public's attention regarding certain facts about George Bernard Shaw, as he is called, may make it more difficult to establish the true authorship of the plays bearing his name.

It will be seen from the evidence I am presenting that it is just as unlikely that the real Shaw wrote the plays attributed to him as that Shakespeare wrote the plays of Edward De Vere.

Let us consider that the facts about Shaw's life are no better established than that "perhaps score of sordid facts," as Mr. Burgess puts it, we have about Shakespeare. We are dependent upon birth and marriage records, reports in the notoriously unreliable press, and biographies which disagree throughout, and which are questionable on other grounds. For example, we know that the so-called biography of Shaw by one who supposedly knew him, Frank Harris, was written by one Frank Scully, who never saw Shaw and therefore could not prove Shaw ever lived! In other cases, Shaw, as he is called, when mysteriously given access to the U.S., changed the original text of the author to suit his purpose. (We shall show what the purpose was!)

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I can't enlist any rabble! They all consider themselves lower middle class!"

From the small body of uncontestable fact about Shaw, it is certain that he was not of royal blood, or even lordly lineage. His father was no more than a corn merchant. George Bernard Shaw, as he is called, never had any formal schooling after the age of fourteen. Indeed, it is questionable whether he had much schooling earlier, because of his apparent inability to spell or punctuate correctly. Any who have seen his letters know them to be studded with "thru," "dont" (without the apostrophe), etc.

How could one who never went to college or even high school have possibly written such a masterpiece as "Candida"?

There is no evidence whatever that the real Shaw even tried to write anything in his youth. He was certainly content to work for five years in, of all places, a real estate office. It's simply incredible that the author of "Pygmalion" could have existed five years in such a stultifying atmosphere. However, we do not have to believe our senses; for staring us in the face is indisputable evidence of the man Shaw's ineptitude as a writer when he did try to make his living with a pen. In nine years after he left the real estate office (under circumstances which we can conjecture), he earned exactly £6. Four novels, as they were called, were rejected one after the other by publishers. One was about prize-fighting, which is only further evidence of what low tastes he had. Try to couple that with the authorship of "Saint Joan"!

His family had to struggle for existence. "I did not throw myself into it, I threw my mother into it," Shaw said. That sufficiently characterizes the man who some persons believe, oddly, wrote "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

The real Shaw did, it seems, work in the lowest type of literary endeavor, criticism, but drifted from publication to publication—*Pall Mall Gazette, The Star, The Saturday Review,* apparently unable to keep a job. It is well known that any person capable of creating first-rate plays (such as "The Apple Cart," "On the Rocks," etc.) devotes himself to creative work and does not resort to making a living as scavenger among other men's ideas; the critic at best is one who knows how but cannot do it himself.

Realization of this might have made him disposed to allow his name to be used on another man's work. He practised such deceit himself, as those aware of the relationship of Shaw and Carnatto Di Bassetto know. But that is another story.

And now for a conjecture.

The other man with great plays in his mind and heart was in a position that required deceit, as De Vere was. He was an aristocrat, son of a lord and grandson of a duke. He had the education, background, and ability for his chosen profession of playwright, such as De Vere had. But playwriting was no occupation for one of his social position. Persons of the theatre were not acceptable in his set. Also, the kind of plays he was determined to write would, he realized, inevitably compromise the political career for which he was destined by his family and its traditions—if presented in his own name.

The circumstances demanded that the plays bear another's name. A nom-de-plume would be more easily penetrated. So a deal was made, I conjecture. How wise the playwright must have regarded his decision when

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he rose to high office—the highest office! How embarrassing it might have been for him then if Backbenchers had quoted lines he put in John Tanner's mouth in "Man and Superman." Or for him to have had to receive an ambassador from Bulgaria who was aware the prime minister was the author of "Arms and the Man."

That reference gives you a hint as to the true identity of the author of George Bernard Shaw's plays. You will find stronger hints in a comparison of the literary styles of a recent autobiographical work of an exalted personage in Great Britain. But I now present, for the first time, plainer evidence of the true author of Shaw's plays. His name is concealed in the titles of the plays! Look:

"Widower's Houses"
"Saint Joan"
"Man and Superman"
"Arms and the Man"
"The Philanderer"
"Too Good to be True"
"Androcles and the Lion"

"Mrs.Warren's Profession"
"Pygmalion"
"Over-Ruled"
"On the Rocks"
"Back to Methuselah"
"Getting Married"
"Great Catherine"

"The Doctor's Dilemma"
"Heartbreak House"
"You Never Can Tell"
"Major Barbara"
"Caesar and Cleopatra"
"The Man of Destiny"
"Candida"
"Misalliance"
"John Bull's Other Island"

CLARK KINNAIRD.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: The present Oxford theorist affirms that Oxford wrote the plays, but assumed the name of Shakespeare; and the Stratford Shakespeare whom he calls the "Dummy of Stratford" hadn't the qualifications to produce them.

1. If Shakespeare was only a country bumpkin, and without any education, why was he buried in the Stratford church, and a carved stone bust of him placed on the chancel wall? This stone bust represents Shakespeare with one hand resting on a scroll, and a pen in his other hand. So the bust is a memorial to a writer.

2. At the age of about nineteen Shakespeare went to London. He had a brother, an actor, there. Richard Burbidge, a famous London actor who subsequently played leading roles in Shakespeare's great dramas, was a Stratford man. There is no doubt that these two Stratford men read specimens of Shakespeare's work, and induced him to go to London, the Mecca for talented youth.

3. In London Shakespeare had his poem "Venus and Adonis" published. He wrote this in Stratford. The very man who published his poem was a printer who also went from Stratford to London a few years before Shakespeare. Shakespeare had known this printer in Stratford. His name was Richard Field, and his father was a tanner in the town. Shakespeare dedicated "Venus and Adonis" to the Earl of Southampton, and called the poem: "The first heir of my invention." Here we have evidence that the Stratford Shakespeare states that he is a writer.

4. In Shakespeare's plays you will find names of people he knew in Stratford. In the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew," Sly the tinker is the chief character. There was a tinker in Stratford by the name of Sly. In the same comedy Sly refers to a woman who kept a public house in the village of Wincot, a village near Stratford. Sly says: "Ask Marian Hacket the fat ale-wife of Wincot." Sly states that he is the son of old Sly of Burton Heath, a village near Stratford.

5. Two associates of Shakespeare's in London, and men who were also actors in his plays, collected Mss. of all Shakespeare's plays and published them seven years after his death. There are documents extant that also prove that Shakespeare was a Stratford man, for Shakespeare's youngest daughter, Judith, took from Stratford a bundle of Mss. to her own home, soon after her father died.

6. Shakespeare's will proves that he was a Stratford man, that he frequently went there from London, that he died and was buried in Stratford. His will also proves that he was the same Shakespeare who wrote plays and produced them in London. In his will which was made and signed in Stratford, he left legacies to relatives and friends living in Stratford. He bequeathed his Stratford home to his daughter Susanna. All this proves that Shakespeare was a Stratford man. The will also proves that the same Shakespeare produced plays of his own in London theatres. We find in the will the following: "And to my Fellows (all actors with shares in London theatres) John Hemmynges, Henry Cundell, Richard Burbidge XXVis Viijd apiece to buy them rings." Burbidge was leading tragedian in Shakespeare's great tragedies. The other two men were Shakespeare's associates and fellow actors in London. "Fellows" means associates. Hemmynges and Cundell were the first to publish all Shakespeare's plays in one volume which is called "The 1623 Folio." Shakespeare's will alone furnishes absolute proof that the Shakespeare who produced the plays was a Stratford man, and not a Stratford "dummy." We know that Shakespeare was also an actor, and speeches in his tragedies prove it, for he knew the art of making points.

Many years ago Mr. William Winter the greatest dramatic critic in America, took me with him to see Edwin Booth as Othello. After the wonderful performance Mr. Winter said: "Shakespeare did not make those great speeches of Othello's sitting down alone in a room. I'm sure he dictated them, while standing, and when roused to 'the top of his bent'." Shakespeare the actor-dramatist knew how to fit an actor with a "role to tear a cat in," the kind Bottom the weaver required to properly demonstrate his histrionic ability.

HOY CRANSTON.

Ottawa, Ont.

SIR: Many readers of Mr. Burgess's letter will probably want to know more about the recent discoveries indicating that "Shakespeare" was Edward de Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford. Those who do should begin with J. Thomas Looney's book "Shakespeare Identified." The publishers' stock was destroyed in a bombing raid on London several years ago, but most public libraries have an available copy. And then there is membership in the Shakespeare Fellowship, 17 East 48th St., where for a most modest annual fee ($2.50 I think it is), one is kept informed of the latest developments in what is unquestionably the most fascinating literary research of our time. It's as exciting and stimulating as a good mystery story; there are plenty of clues, and they all point to the Earl of Oxford as the author of the plays and sonnets we know as "Shakespeare."

THEODORE H. KENWORTH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: The Vere de Vere of Mr. Gelett Burgess makes a convenient "new-look" Shakespeare for that strange segment of the English speaking people who insist that the Avonian MUST be robbed of his laurels even if it means proving Ben Jonson a bald-faced liar and a knave, etc: A graduate of Oxford and Cambridge simply would not blunder into the anachronisms committed by the "amateur classicist" of "Julius Caesar" and the other Greco-Roman tragedies and comedies. But the whole thing hinges on one point and one only: even the blindest anti-Avonian will admit that "Hamlet" and all the other great plays were written by an actor: Shakespeare was an actor-poet—his fellow actors caused the first folio to be printed after Will's death: why should the "fraud" be perpetrated at that late a date? Vere de Vere, verily, was no actor! If being "in charge" of a group of actors makes one the author of tragedies as good as "Macbeth," then Graf Esterhazy was the composer of Haydn's string-quartets and Schubert's piano pieces! If Shakespeare's plays had been unimportant trifles or mere reworkings of classical material (such as Marlowe's "Dido") then Vere-de-Verists might have a leg to stand on; our new style Baconians, eminent though they be, are simply at the old game of wishfully-dreaming that all great works of art are produced by cultured and refined "gentlemen." This would interest cook's son Beethoven or apothecary-flunkey Keats.

If Mr. Burgess would cease worrying about how he might make a "dummy" out of a worthy citizen of Stratford and attend to his Goopology, the rest of us could fall asleep quicker at night.

HENRY SIGURD HUMPHREYS, M.A.

Cincinnati 19, O.

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Ideas and Studies.

Our first two reviews this week discuss problems traditional in American democracy. Charles Ferguson, in a tone reminiscent of the Progressive period—so vividly re-created in Lincoln Steffens's classic "Autobiography"—vehemently urges the democracies to make their governments more responsive to the electorate through such devices as the referendum and study groups. The central importance of popular education in a democracy, once dear to the heart of Thomas Jefferson, is once more affirmed in President Conant's book. But Ferguson explains in his volume why a solution of these two problems is now more pressing than ever: "There are today only peoples and persons and these peoples and persons have suddenly been brought together by the amazing applications of science. There is in consequence only one problem . . . the creation of a world society under law."

Carrying Humanity's Will Into Law

A LITTLE DEMOCRACY IS A DANGEROUS THING. By Charles W. Ferguson. New York: Association Press. 1948. 126 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by SYDNEY GREENBIE

I TOOK to this book with great expectations. I was not disappointed. As a tool for handling world problems other than by upper levels of government bureaucracy or by lower levels of popular sentimentalism, hectic commentaries, lofty lecturers, this volume is indispensable. In a world of raucous partisanships and prejudice, merely to arrest attention to a plan is an achievement. Mr. Ferguson does more. He holds your attention and spurs you on by a method. A little democracy is a dangerous thing, Ferguson contends, because it gives a false sense of effectiveness. At present, the thinking is done from above, and the people are helpless. What he proposes is that before any law or scheme is enacted, the public should project it, discuss it, and formulate it; the legislators then shape it into legal terms and enforce it. To make such a process possible, groups must be formed in every community and implemented with techniques for citizen participation. These groups must be integrated with national agencies and carried beyond national boundaries. So that, as soon as an issue becomes paramount to world prosperity and security, that issue is passed on to the people for discussion, formulation, and enactment. Only then does the democratic process carry the will of humanity into law.

What happens today? As Ferguson says: "Government as an instrument remains where it was one hundred years ago in terms of its power to relay the popular will. Meanwhile, it has grown more and more restrictive in character. Government is something that is done to us, not something in which we have a creative part." Even in public discussion, people are seldom permitted to participate creatively. Always a distant "committee" does the thinking and pronouncing; "brilliant" speakers do the arguing, while the people are patronizingly allowed to ask a question—provided they don't use more than twenty-five words. All this Ferguson would change radically. He would turn the process completely about. For "the present system of vestigial, makeshift authoritarianism known as democracy is without spiritual thrust or power."

I started marking arguments, proposals, and nice phrases, but I find that to quote them or to outline the book is impossible. I come to this review not merely as a reader. I come to it with thirty years of experience and convictions parallel with the author's. I know from experience the problems he presents as a forum leader and lecturer. I feel even more keenly that our handling of public discussion is wrong. It has seeped down from the experts instead of welling up from the people. The public, as Mr. Ferguson points out, is no longer that innocent, gullible mass that doesn't know what it thinks. It is now more trustworthy in its convictions than the self-appointed leaders. The danger is, he tells us, that the feeling that they can't do anything about it will wreck democracy, and: "The present rigidly contained chaos might grow into a bellowing revolt of the masses."

Charles W. Ferguson: ". . . while the rulers of humanity proceed with the carpentry of crucifixion."

Mr. Ferguson's section on leadership should be abstracted and turned loose on democracy and a world which has surrendered its most sacred rights to kings, lords, ladies, dictators, politicians, and do-gooders, leaving an "insidious and invidious distinction between the 'leaders' and the 'public'." In every type of community organization, the "worthy repeaters who turn up again and again in behalf of this and that worthy cause" run our affairs for us. We must rescue ourselves from the clutch of these social managers. For by this process "we found our drunken way to the atom bomb."

A few choice samples of Mr. Ferguson's pithy and sometimes poignant style: Speaking of his work as cultural relations officer for our State Department, he says, "I caught a glimpse of the ways in which even the most democratically pretentious of governments lingers on in the twilight of eighteenth-century reverie, how it operates through levels and status of courtly deference." In this connection, I confess to disappointment. I too had had that experience with the State Department. I had hoped Ferguson would give us a juicier revelation of its futilities. Another phrase making Ferguson more than a writer of polemics is: ". . . while the rulers of humanity proceed with the carpentry of crucifixion." Others are: " . . . the practice of admiration of political taxidermy" and ". . . a platform hastily put together by a few clairvoyant zombies at the national convention."

As a reaffirmation of the true meaning and purposes and powers of democracy, few books approach this in value. A review is no place to issue a clarion call to action, but it is high time that those of us who want to see democracy work and have had real experience in organizing public discussion should get together and really put over some program such as Ferguson suggests.

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Unity by Schooling

EDUCATION IN A DIVIDED WORLD. By James Bryant Conant. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1948. 249 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

HARVARD'S President Conant, like his distinguished predecessor President Eliot, is scientist turned educator. He brings to the discussion of themes which might in less capable hands seem threadbare and platitudinous a toughness and freshness of outlook which are gratifying and illuminating.

His theme in this book is education in general rather than higher education in particular; and he purposes in his own words "first, to show how we may examine public education in the light of our knowledge of the present structure of American society; and, second, to set goals toward which we must move continually if we are to achieve unity in this industrial democracy of free men."

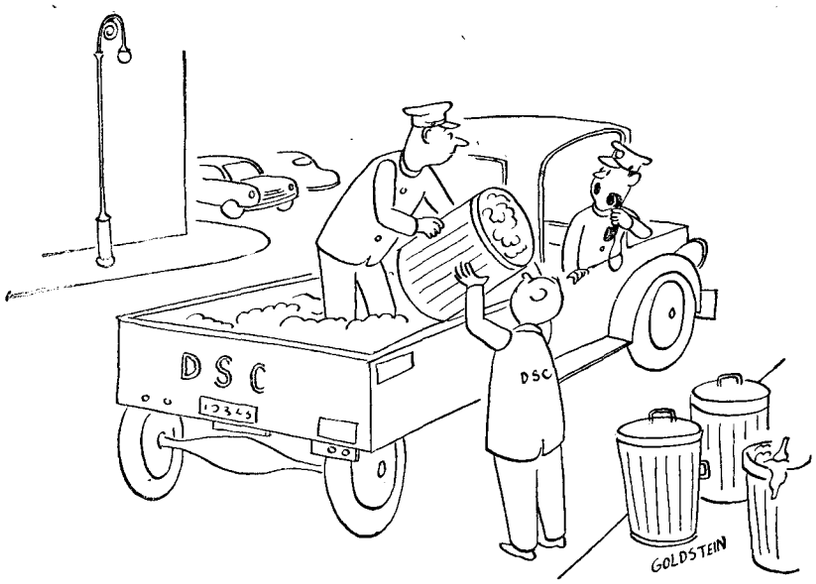
His purpose is fulfilled at an excellent level of saliency and good sense. The "divided world" of the title is, of course, the breach between Communist and democratic outlooks, and the burden of educational responsibility for strengthening a popular conviction about the truly democratic outlook is trenchantly argued. Indeed, one of the heartening indices of America's democratic educational promise is the ardent espousal by the head of one of the greatest and oldest private universities of the case for widely general access to all possible education for all those who can profit by it.

Necessarily, President Conant is led to some review of the work of the recent President's Commission on Higher Education, with its strongly equalitarian plea. And he admirably accepts and underscores the spirit and overall outlook of that massive utterance without being distracted into controversy over obviously contentious and relatively unimportant details.

His emphasis upon Federal aid at the lower-school levels, his stressing of the strength of vocational motivations, his insistence upon the moral factors in education, his honest appraisal of secondary-school shortcomings—these are all the insights of an educational statesman. There is a democratic universalism underlying his thinking which is in refreshing contrast to the *ex cathedra* dicta of certain other educators in high posts who discuss similar themes.

It is worth noting in conclusion that it is the president of Harvard University who is strongly affirming that "we must study the Soviet philosophy, we must examine and debate the creed of the Communist party as it has been formulated both here and in foreign lands. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that this is the number one educational need of the present moment."

The point is, of course, that if through the aid of education a divided world is ever to become one world, we on this side of the Iron Curtain must know with what we have, intellectually and spiritually, to contend. One hopes that President Conant's advice on this, as on his other constructive proposals, will receive national and favorable attention. We are all strengthened when some of the most eloquent pleas for high-quality public education come from the leaders of the most strongly entrenched private universities.



"It's for you—a Miss Pamela Van Cleve."

Cyclical Picture

A CREATIVE CAPITALISM. By Joseph E. Goodbar and Lorenzo U. Bergeron. Boston: Boston University Press. 1948. 376 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by THOR HULTGREN

COMMUNISM builds up a wasteful bureaucracy, discourages initiative, abolishes individual freedom. Competitive capitalism encourages individualism, new ideas, progress. But Communists tell the workers the quest of private profit leads inevitably to unemployment. Capitalism is doomed unless it can continuously provide abundant jobs. After expressing these somewhat familiar opinions, the authors of "A Creative Capitalism" assure us they have discovered how to preserve the benefits of full employment and of private enterprise too.

Their most systematic explanation of the business cycle runs about like this. At the peak of prosperity, businessmen attach to the currently completed production of consumer goods prices so high that the aggregate value, at these prices, exceeds consumer incomes. Unsold stocks accumulate in their hands; alarmed, they cut down the rate of production. Workers are laid off and consumer incomes fall. The quantity of goods completed remains large, however, reflecting the previous high volume of production in stages nearer the raw material level. Falling income, on the other hand, reflects the now reduced level of production in the less advanced stages. Value of output, although gradually reduced, continues to exceed income, stocks of goods continue to pile up. Meanwhile, because of smaller output, unit cost of production begins to rise. Payments to individuals do not decline in proportion to output. Eventually purchasing power, although low, exceeds the value of production. Stocks begin to decline; soon they are inconveniently low; businessmen increase production in an effort to replenish them. At about this time, too, businessmen begin to increase their expenditures on plant and equipment. Consumer income rises rapidly; the quantity of goods completed lags, reflecting the earlier low level of the preliminary stages. Incomes continue to exceed finished production, stocks go on dwindling, business goes on expanding. But the spending on plant and equipment slackens; also, businessmen raise prices faster and faster. Eventually the value of consumer goods at the prices demanded exceeds income again and the cycle turns downward.

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The notion of asking-value in excess of consumer income involves no logical, mathematical, or accounting contradiction. This is about all that Goodbar and Bergeron succeed in showing. They cite practically no direct historical evidence in support of their cyclical picture, which is difficult to reconcile with much that we know. They refuse to consider the Department of Commerce estimates of consumer income, but their objection is based on a misconception of the figures. The Kuznets estimates for 1919-1938 and the Commerce estimates for 1929-1946 indicate that consumer income after taxes exceeded the value of goods added to stocks in every year except 1920. These figures are not ideal for testing the thesis, but they are good enough to justify skepticism. Stocks accumulate through most of a business expansion, not just at the peak; they decline through most of contraction, not just at the trough. Expenditures on plant and equipment are larger in the later than in the earlier stages of a business expansion, not smaller. Cogent reasons for suspecting that unit cost declines before the trough is reached have been advanced by other writers, although the facts are not yet established.

While the authors contend that "underdisbursement" by enterprises is enough to cause depressions, they take note of savings by individuals, which, they think, make matters worse at critical moments. Their plan for prosperity is founded entirely on the supposition that receipts of enterprises and individuals exceed disbursements. (In the case of enterprises, this is quite different from supposing that income payments fall short of the asking value of goods for consumption. They would levy a tax of fifty per cent on the difference between funds received as income, revenues, borrowings, etc, and funds expended for consumption, production expenses, plant and equipment, or advances to others. In effect it would be a tax on accumulations of cash and demand deposits, payable by the

(*Continued on page 38*)

Unless we act

1 in 8

will die of

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The Hand

By Roberta Blaché

UNDER the hand that holds this book
A layer of air, a wooden floor
And under that the mingled ground
Where little animals explore
Sudden declivities of brook,
Arched with shattered jewel and bone
And shallows without sound
That tunnel deep until they strike on stone.
While rock is but a ceiling set
Above a star that blazes yet,
The earth's unquenchable and raging jet.

While downward on this hand there fall
The moving blood within the vein,
The moving light from outer stars,
And that poor inner star, the brain
Whose impulsed need imperial
Is sealed as inner earth is sealed
But murmurs still, and jars,
And is in certain earthquakes half revealed.

So through this buffer flesh must pass
The heat of either flaming mass,
To make the mind some music, the ground some grass.

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Seeing Things

WHERE'S "CHARLEY'S AUNT"?

MORE than sounding like a good idea, it must have seemed fool-proof. Ray Bolger is one of the world's best dancers and a very funny fellow, too. Put him in the black dress, the black bonnet, and the gray ringlets of "Charley's Aunt," send him capering through a musical-comedy version of Brandon Thomas's famous old farce, rechristened "Where's Charley?," and—presto—no one could resist the combination.

Why? Because "Charley's Aunt" has been making audiences out-guffaw "The Laughing Record" for more than a half-century. Because, too, only eight seasons back, it proved how timeless was its nonsense by providing, when José Ferrer was its Charley and Joshua Logan the director, as hilarious an evening as Broadway boasted. Most of us approached the opening of that revival with grave misgivings. The times, we feared, were scarcely right for it. It was then the seventh year of Hitler, Europe was at war, and the world almost as unmerry as it is now.

The prospect was not an inviting one. I mean to sit at such a moment before an old farce rusted, as we thought it must be, by the years, its machinery creaking and probably refusing to run. But we were wrong—happily and completely wrong. We had not foreseen Mr. Ferrer's superb abilities as a farceur or the sheer wizardry of Mr. Logan's direction.

Anyone who since that time has seen such samples of Mr. Logan's work as "Happy Birthday," "Annie Get Your Gun," or "Mister Roberts" must have been amazed by his range no less than his skill. The theatre in any of its forms is apt to be wonderfully professional in his hands. He has imagination and insight. He is as alert to human values as he is to backstage needs. His pliability is matched only by his driving sense of what is required of a scene—any kind of scene in any kind of production—to shape it dramatically and squeeze it dry of its possibilities.

On no aspect of the stage do reviewers tend to be more unreliable, presumptuous, and hence absurd than in their comments on direction. Sitting as we do before a production of a new play without having read the script or attended rehearsals, it is impossible for us to determine with accuracy how dependent the play may be for its effects on the direction, or the direction on the play, or, for that matter, the degree to which the acting may or may not be dependent upon both.

Not that this silences us. Critics are not easily silenced. It does mean, however, that what we write so unhesitatingly should be taken with several shakers of salt. We cannot, as a rule, advance detailed particulars with which to support our opinions. Our attempts to distinguish between the acting and the direction are, at best, guesses. We have no other choice than to talk in terms of general impressions. Yet, once in a while, a production does come along in which even we are enabled to single out the director's share and can write about it with confidence.

The "Charley's Aunt" of 1940 was such a production. It was a model of its kind. Although foolishness, especially such dated foolishness, presents a genuine challenge, farce is always difficult. That is one reason why good farce is rare. It turns its back deliberately and jubilantly on life. It does not imitate nature; it goes far beyond it. Its duty, which is our pleasure, is to avoid the restrictions of the probable and to make the impossible seem possible.

If for a single instant, as I tried to explain after the opening of Mr. Logan's production, either the writing or the playing made anyone *believe* that an Oxford undergraduate could really succeed in passing himself off as a friend's rich aunt from Brazil, what is uproarious in "Charley's Aunt" would become nauseating. The play's confessed absurdity, its giddy divorce from plausibility, its errant madness—these are the surest guarantees of its persistent serviceability as a farce. It was these very qualities which Mr. Ferrer seized upon in his performance and that Mr. Logan, with his usual sagacity, was wise enough to stress in his direction.

Mr. Logan also realized the speed with which such a script as "Charley's Aunt" must be acted. Pace is to farce what helium is to a dirigible. Without it a farce sags and droops to the ground. Its laughter is deflated, its preposterousness exposed, and all its elaborate machinery comes crashing down. Mr. Logan did not allow this to happen. He sent "Charley's Aunt" racing on its way as if it were jet-propelled. Once started, it was not permitted to slow down. What is more, it carried us along on that swift flight. None of us had the time or inclination to doubt or question. All we knew was that we were off the ground—way off. And grateful for the ride at every moment during the evening.

—Eileen Darby-Graphic House.

"Ray Bolger is not poety but laughter in motion."

IF "Charley's Aunt" was so funny eight years ago, everyone concerned with turning it into a musical, as I have hinted, must have been convinced that "Where's Charley?" would be just as funny, if not funnier, today. But it is not. Indeed, it is scarcely funny at all. And this in spite of Ray Bolger.

In addition to trying valiantly, Mr. Bolger works with commendable skill. As a dancer he is as able and winning as ever. He is not poetry but laughter in motion. No one since Jack Donahue has been so droll a caperer. If there is any humor in a song, his dancing is certain to ferret it out, or, if there is none, to supply it.

Moreover, Mr. Bolger is a gifted farceur, and gifted farceurs are even rarer than good farces. In between numbers (and this is the real test) his Charley's Aunt can claim, as a performance, many of the virtues Mr. Ferrer's possessed. His foolishness is not as inspired, not as complete, and not as contagious. Yet he shows the same proper relish for the monkey-shines in which he must indulge. And, bewigged and skirted, or as the

** WHERE'S CHARLEY? A musical comedy based on Brandon Thomas's "Charley's Aunt." Book by George Abbott. Words and music by Frank Loesser. Directed by Mr. Abbott. Dance numbers by George Balanchine. Sets and costumes by George Ffolkes. Presented by Cy Feuer and Ernest H. Martin in association with Gwen Richard. With a cast including Ray Bolger, Allyn McLerie, Byron Palmer, Doretta Morrow, Horace Cooper, Jane Lawrence, Paul England, etc. At the St. James Theatre. Opened October 11, 1948.*

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most cracker-barrel of Americans ever to pretend to be an Oxonian, he devotes himself with equal energy to the grim business of being funny.

YOU might think, you might even swear, that nothing could down a Charley so light of foot and heart. But "Where's Charley?" does down him. It downs him at almost every turn. A traffic cop, with his hand upraised and bellowing "Stop!" to the limit of his lungs, could not halt Mr. Bolger more effectively each time he gets going than does this musical.

Heaven knows, George Abbott as a director is an authority on youth. No principal at any high school, no dean at any college, has faced more teenagers or collegians than he. Mr. Abbott is also a past-master at farce. But to "Where's Charley?" he fails to bring that liberating lightness Mr. Logan brought to "Charley's Aunt" and that Mr. Abbott in his time has brought to all kinds of violently American campus romps. The Oxford background of Mr. Thomas's script seems to embarrass him. He is no more at home there than was Robert Taylor. The time element presents Mr. Abbott with another problem. He does not seem to have made up his mind whether to stage the book as a period piece or to enliven it by employing a more contemporary undergraduate idiom.

Brilliant though he is as a choreographer, George Balanchine, in this instance, shares the same uncertainties. Although his touch is pictorial and amusing, it is not exuberant in a mad, daffy, farcical manner. The real trouble, however, with "Where's Charley?" has its origins, I suspect, in Frank Loesser's music. Even if Mr. Loesser's score and lyrics were entertaining, which they are not, they would strew the path of the text with obstacles.

Being a product of mood, and of a peculiarly difficult mood to establish at that, farce must not only move swiftly; it must also fly a non-stop flight. Every time the orchestra tunes up in "Where's Charley?"; every time a chorus enters or a singer sings, whatever farcical mood may have been established by Mr. Bolger or in the staging of the book is cruelly interrupted. Thereafter a fresh start must be made all over again. Inevitably, the result is an evening of constant starts which get nowhere, because no sooner does the action gain momentum than it is stopped at a barrier. The question soon becomes not "Where's Charley?" but where's "Charley's Aunt"? The answer in the present revival is, I am afraid, "dead but not buried."

—JOHN MASON BROWN

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credibility. It would have been gobbled up three hands out—or Moscow has reformed.

The book begins on a very low note and the author sounds variations on the theme throughout. He seems to have a morbid preoccupation with the processes of elimination, using them as a sort of shock treatment for comic relief when the going gets a bit thick. Any reader who feels that the colon and its functions are more suited to radio commercials than to literature will not be fascinated or titillated by Mr. Spewack's use of privy materials. And as for the love story, "Boy Meets Girl" is better.

Renwick, an undersecretary in the American Embassy meets a Russian girl who conveniently has an American passport. They fall in love and the scenes between them hold all that is decent or beautiful in the book. An American journalist, Thomas, who has been too long in Moscow, commits suicide. He had hoped to write a thoughtful book on Russia and Renwick finds the notes he had made for this book. This material stirs something in Renwick's soul and makes the beginning of what may be his salvation. It also provides the platform from which Renwick and his girl can jump into a happy ending. Unfortunately for us, Mr. Thomas's ideas on the subject of Russian-American relationship add little to what has already been written on that mysterious subject.

"The Busy Busy People" is a bitter, bitter book. It is neither pro- nor anti-Russian. It is just anti-people. Aside from Bunin there is not one endearing character. Mr. Spewack presents one or two wooden people and a whole pail-full of slugs. But in spite of that, he shows very clearly indeed what's going on in a small, busy section of the vast USSR.

High Thinking in Boston

MISS GIFFORD'S. By Kathrine Jones. New York: The Exposition Press. 1948. 270 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARIANNE MOORE

AT Miss Gifford's, a boarding-house in the South End of Boston, such subjects were discussed as Chinese poetry, the title-page of a Dutch Bible, Seurat's "La Grande Jatte," Thoreau, and fear of daisies.

The heroine's irresistible, because unintentional, charm seems a counterpart to the method of the book itself, in which modesty lends force to the preoccupations of a modern conscience. " 'Now patience; and remember patience is the great thing, and above all else we must avoid anything like being or becoming out of patience'." This maxim from Joyce, adopted by Miss Gifford's most individual boarder, underwrites a conviction that "without suffering we do not advance"; that "we lose the blessings of Love by refusing to conform to the law of Love." To both private and to public maladjustment, moreover, an identical logic applies: "There is a lot to worry about and one can make one's self sick or decide to be sane." In Miss Gifford's, "a slight tendency toward melodrama" corrects itself by calling itself that; and we are enticed by verisimilitude and originalities of characterization.

Miss Jones has the art of metaphor, as when she says of Miss Ambler, "She studied her mottled hands as if they were botanical specimens." More important than verisimilitudes of the eye, we have complicated insights expressed compactly, as in the delineating of a young man, a Boston decorator with whom Miss Gifford sometimes took counsel concerning her charges. "He thought what a relief it was when a woman's smile was devoid of intention to stress her charm."

Conspicuous by reason of contrasting accuracies, a verb or epithet in "Miss Gifford's" occasionally stands out as an anachronism, hazarded one almost feels as a certificate of independence; indeed one is ill who cavils at a straightforward story which clearly implies that malady and world malady can be cured if the individual will humbly endeavor to rule not the world but his own spirit. Profundities need not be a bore; and presented with the light touch, by a serious mind, can be, as here, a prism of fascination.

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A Fifth Gospel

BOLD GALILEAN. By LeGette Blythe. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1948. 317 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LON TINKLE

STRANGE, or at least unexpected, and audacious books have been coming from the university presses, thank heavens—and now here is the University of North Carolina Press with a novel about the time of Jesus, a novel amounting to something like a Fifth Gospel.

To sidestep immediately the theological debates that LeGette Blythe may provoke with this dramatic narrative, one may say at once that the author has succeeded admirably in what he set out to do. He has constructed an historical novel which reads swiftly as fiction should and which has believable characters, not puppets. "Bold Galilean" is not a boresome pageant masquerading as drama; it is not a pious sermon presented in the guise of fiction. Whatever its simplifications of theology, this novel qualifies as organized experience, its meaning and significance revealed in a strong narrative flow.

This "story" quality doubtless proceeds from the author's contemporaneity of viewpoint. He doesn't exactly point with a yardstick to his parallels with current history, but they are nonetheless strikingly visible. His picture of Jesus stresses, simply, the basic doctrine of brotherly love and the power of faith. Functioning as a novelist, Gospeleer Blythe is at his most venturesome in portraying the "human" Jesus. This venturesomeness reaches to the invention of conversations and stream-of-consciousness thoughts for Jesus. Although the author's attitude is deeply reverent and sincere, some readers of course will question the use of such a novelistic device.

To us it seems inseparable from the author's intention, which has been to make an imaginative re-creation of Christ's meaning and influence. Great ingenuity has gone into this plan, and the author's chief success has been to concentrate attention on a few central characters and thus achieve genuine and undispersed dramatic effect.

Aside from Christ, the story chiefly follows the careers of three Romans and of Mary of Magdala. Centurion Gaius Sempronius, the wealthy merchant princeling Marcus Lupinus, and Tribune Lucius Galba meet by chance at Tyre several years before Christ's crucifixion; their paths cross each other's and that of the Savior frequently thereafter. On a visit the three Romans make to the palace of Herod, they help the Tetrarch celebrate his birthday in fantastic style, the celebration terminating with Salome's dance and the beheading of John the Baptizer. And on this occasion rich merchant Marcus, the cynic who believes that "money can buy anything," falls in love with the beautiful slave girl presently to be identified as Mary of Magdala.

Mr. Blythe's conception of this boy-meets-girl aspect of his plot is beautifully done, and in a daring last scene he has the merchant, fallen a leper but one of the ten later healed by Christ, rediscover Mary of Magdala at Golgotha. The power of love redeems the curse of money. Gaius symbolizes the Roman who is Christian at heart, and the Tribune sees his belief that might makes right collapse.

"Bold Galilean" is compelling drama, extremely readable—both old and modern in its wisdom.

And one recalls what St. John wrote as he put down his stylus: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose even the word itself could not contain the books that should be written."

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Wisconsin Bovary

BEYOND THE FOREST. By Stuart Engstrand. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1948. 303 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN S. MILLS, JR.

NEAR the beginning of Stuart Engstrand's newest novel he permits one of his characters to liken his new protagonist, Rosa Moline, to Flaubert's immortal Emma Bovary. The character, a rum-sodden backwoods philosopher, who as the book progresses seems to become more and more a spokesman for the author, accuses Rosa of being a "Wisconsin Bovary." (The scene is a lumber-and-sawmill town in that state.) But this hint is not enough. The character goes on, as if to describe the novel's message:

> There's a Bovary in every town in America. Women, men too, believing that they can step into another world, a shimmering, wonderful world that someone else made for them.

And then, in the same paragraph, he outlines what proves to be the action of "Beyond the Forest," still in terms of "Madame Bovary":

> Bovary suffered through the years toward the goal of getting to the big city. . . . Yet even in the fulfilment of her goal, she could not create a better world for herself. She was still Emma Bovary, a blinded, self-destroying girl. . . .

After this it seemed as though it would be bad literary manners not to inspect the validity of the yardstick Mr. Engstrand had proffered. And increasingly, as far as obvious landmarks are concerned, the similarity was great enough to appear hardly coincidental. Fleming, Wisconsin, like the small Norman towns where Emma lived, is dull and pedestrian. Rosa, like Emma, is married to a mewing, pathetically inept country doctor, whose attentions stultify her. Both ladies postulate the same splendid velveteen city world to which they believe they belong. Both are in ruthless pursuit of a nameless Lancelot, and both come a cropper in their adulterous samplings for taste. Both resolve to attain the city, do so, and see their dreams crumble disastrously. Both die violently by their own hand.

Although there are many dissimilarities of story, this is likeness indeed. But it is double-edged, for where comparison is valid in action, motivation, and character, it must be valid in performance, and Mr. Engstrand—having taken on a titanic challenge—ends up not far short of disaster. Flaubert makes it possible—as all tragedians must—for the reader to identify himself with Emma as he dramatizes the tedium which drove her to tragedy. She becomes an intensely and universally pitable character. Mr. Engstrand, on the other hand, does not give us sufficient grounds for sharing Rosa's vicious opinions of Fleming and its people. So uncompromisingly contemptible is she on the one hand, and so unnecessarily beautiful in face and figure on the other, that I felt quite unable to identify her as recognizably human, let alone feel concern for her plight.

Withal, I think Mr. Engstrand sincerely wants us to share his concern for the tragedy of the Bovarian chemistry in Smalltown, USA. It is unfortunate that he became, as it were, overexposed to poison oak before he could get beyond the forest, for the real tragedy of his unpitiable Wisconsin Bovary is that she's not a tragic character at all.

Sometime Neighbor

By I. L. Salomon

WE'RE sometimes neighbors, separated by
more than a mountain even if the sky
is noncommittal and holds a star or two
for you to keep from an opposing view
and make a song of for the heart's shy pain;
and yet your contumelious disdain
not only of the sycophant but friend
permits you not the slightest to unbend.
Such arrogance that mars your heart does not
intrude upon the music you begot,
for we upon the hilltop hear your voice
and cherish it, a preferential choice,
since you have come as soft as light upon
the upthrust coral branches of the dawn
with meadow reed, Puck's wit, and woodland tabor—
but not come in as neighbor ought, to neighbor.

New Faces, Old Story

FIRE IN THE MORNING. By Elizabeth Spencer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1948. 275 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

IN her first novel Elizabeth Spencer, a young Southern writer, reveals her gifts for dramatic writing and for clear prose. The story is centered in a small town in the gullied hills near the rich flat land of Mississippi's delta country, where the long feud between the Armstrongs and the Gerards comes to its violent end. But the town and the nearby farm of old Daniel Armstrong are never thoroughly revealed. They are like the painted scenery for an old Southern melodrama. The reader can only visualize the turreted Victorian mansion of the Gerards, the saloon down the street, and the steaming hot countryside. Outside of the central characters—Kinloch, old Dan's stalwart son, his young city-bred wife, Randall, a dissolute cousin, old man Gerard, and his idle progeny—the rest of the population is featureless. The younger Gerards are troublemakers, but Kinloch's wife sees no harm in them until one night she is persuaded to back into the car of a local alcoholic, and thus unwittingly cause his death at the bottom of a ravine.

The violence that later erupts in the midst of a seemingly peaceful novel is the result of this accident and of Kinloch's discovery that Simon Gerard's wealth and property should have been inherited by his own father, who had decided that he was content with what he had, and that enough blood had been shed over a forgotten family dispute. The plot of the novel is therefore the familiar story of the revival of a feud over property after it had lapsed for a generation. But the characters are in no way stock figures of a Southern melodrama. They are alive and vital, and the author is able to create an atmosphere of brooding suspense before she reveals the reasons for the antagonism of Kinloch for the family with whom his wife is spending too much of her time. If the author's pattern of Southern violence had been less stylized, and the denouement less fortunate for the virtuous and less destructive for the corrupt, the cause of realism would have been better served. As it stands, Miss Spencer's novel is an exciting story, well told. It is her manner of writing it that reveals her true talent. If her next novel is as admirable in delineation of character and in dialogue, she can afford to drop the complications of an involved and conventional plot.

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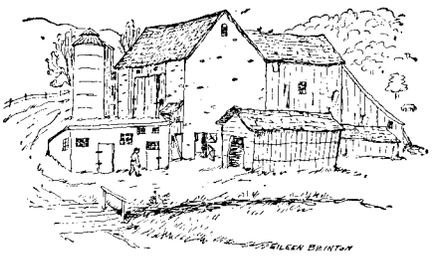
Clay-Clogged Cornwall

WILDING GRAFT. By Jack R. Clemo. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 284 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HARRY BULL



"LITERARY acquaintance with Cornwall based on the Arthurian legends and the "Pirates of Penzance" is no proper preparation for this first published novel by a thirty-two-year-old native whose forthcoming autobiography is to be called "Confession of a Misfit."

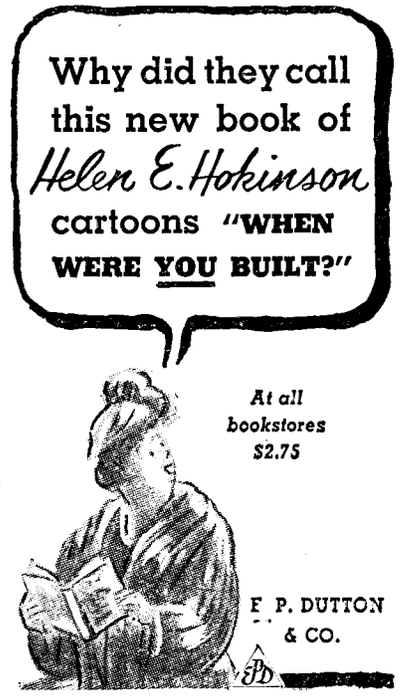
It is a harsh story he has to tell of poor farmers and clay-workers in a Cornwall almost too remote to feel itself a part of England at war—mostly sullen and bitter people living in an atmosphere that both encourages and reflects their hostility. On the second page, the assertive, grating quality of the book is well established in the sentence: "Along this gulch the clay-clogged Fal oozed turbidly, little more than a stream here, twenty miles northeast of Falmouth."

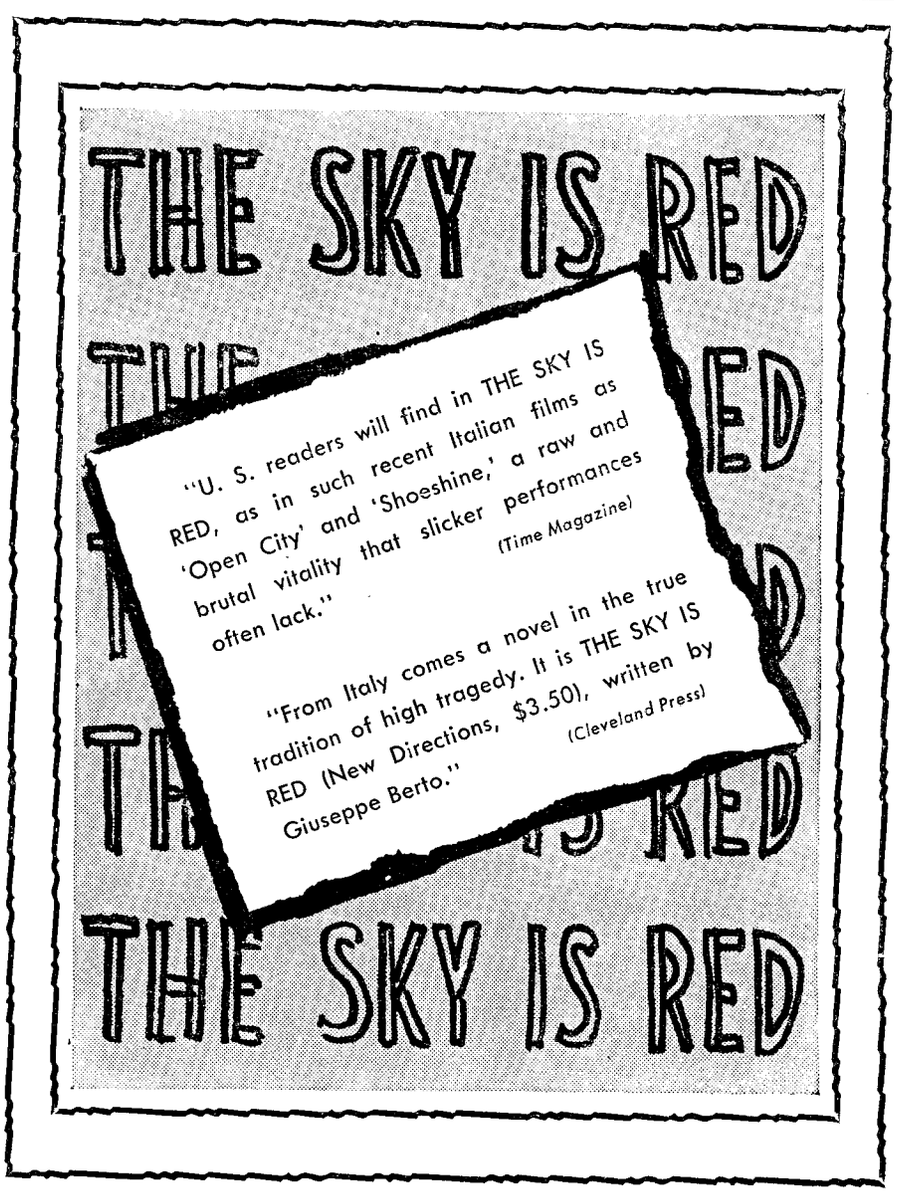
Just as the author, who holds his copyright under the name of Reginald John Clemo, shows his determination to be one of the people by signing his name "Jack," and yet cannot quite abandon the now incongruous formality of a middle initial, so he attacks our refined senses with the "turbidly oozing gulch of the clay-clogged Fal," until in self-defense we are ready to disbelieve in it entirely, and then proceeds to locate it exactly in actual geography. Through the rest of his pages we are reminded again and again of the date, hour, and scene of what at first seemed unlikely disasters.

Indeed, although they talk in dialect, his surprisingly articulate characters are sometimes reminiscent of the mouthpieces employed with such hilarious effect by Max Beerbohm in "Savonarola Brown" to inform the audience, under the thin guise of on-stage conversation, of what happened before the curtain rose. Whether the author is still essentially more of a provincial or more of a misfit it would be hard to say. Certainly he is as stubborn as his Cornish cast, and in time his persistence forces the apparent contradictions of his style and his story into a texture so thickly woven as to blot out temporarily the rest of the world. The very anguish of his drive compels acceptance of Garth Joslin, the hero of the title adapted from Browning's lines,

The great gardener grafts the excellence
On wildings where he will.

As used by Clemo, the quotation is proof of John Jay Chapman's contention that in Browning's verse God did duty as a "noun, verb, adjective, adverb, interjection, and preposition." And once you have accepted the deeply religious nature of Garth and his Job-like trials at the hands of ignorant, inquisitive neighbors, you will find yourself admitting that the writer has probed his own provincialism and maladjustment to the point where he can make them yield up some aspects of universal truth. Among the most unexpected of these is an insight into the primitive acceptance of the psychosomatic nature of much of the suffering in Cornwall.

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In the Days of Caesar

A GODDESS TO A GOD. By John L. Balderston and Sybil Bolitho. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 213 pp. $3.

THE GLADIATOR. By Thames Williamson. New York: Coward McCann, Inc. 1948. 344 pp. $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

I FEAR there is not too much in either of these books that a Roman would recognize as belonging to his age or his republic. It is not that the scene sets are out of focus or the production badly staged. To be sure, Mr. Williamson, who is supposed to have spent years in gathering material for his novel, should have known better than to introduce sulphur matches into ancient Rome, and is not on very firm ground in the use of whip grafting, but these are exceptions. In most physical details both books are accurate with the meticulous accuracy of the movies. But only the names, costumes, and scenery are Latin; the whole approach to life, the habits of thought and the interests of the characters belong to the USA of the 1940's rather than to any date that can be expressed in two figures. This goes even for "A Goddess to a God," which is an infinitely better book than the other.

Both these books thus have to be taken as fantasies in a sense, built around created worlds, in which the authors have used historical places and names to lighten their own task and that of the reader.

This is perhaps not quite fair to "A Goddess to a God," whose authors protest they have some justification for their thesis that Cleopatra was trying to bring into being Alexander the Great's "All men are the sons of one father." They have been to the great Doctor Tarn, who knows more about Hellenistic civilization than any man who ever lived, so they are possibly right here. It is not the basic theme, expressed in this book through a series of letters from the fatal queen to the Roman dictator, that forms the anachronism, but the ideological vehicle in which that theme is carried.

For that matter the pivotal idea is not allowed to develop gradually; it springs full blown into being after the birth of Caesarion and is merely walked around and examined. The resulting story is thus somewhat static, most of its motion is in emotion. Yet the emotion itself is real enough, changeable enough, carries with it enough of analysis of the personalities involved to make the book considerably rewarding. If it throws no new

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light on history, it at least throws a certain amount of light on people.

By contrast "The Gladiator" is about as static as a comic strip and throws no light at all on anything but the methods of confecting a lending-library lulu. There is sex in it, very much on the order of Kathleen Winsor's; a few discreet descriptions of blood and torture; a couple of Roman orgies; a hero of massive strength, high principles, and a good deal more brains than one would suspect (ah, there, Superman!); a heroine redeemed from prostitution through conversion by St. Peter in person; a beautiful, tempting, and villainous female, whose advances the hero nobly refuses; an evil, unappetizing and villainous male who is out for his blood, and the Emperor Nero in the background. There is even some rudimentary characterization. If the pattern seems somewhat familiar, the answer is—what more do you want for three cents a day?

Bohemian-Americans

LAUGHTER FROM DOWNSTAIRS. By Czenzi Ormoude. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1948. 271 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

THIS engaging series of sketches—novel it is not, despite the claims of its jacket—recounts various episodes in the lives of a devoted, boisterous, and hearty Bohemian family. The little town in the Pacific Northwest where they lived evidently held no prejudices against this first-generation family who were so proud of being up-to-the-minute Americans. They were all substantial, respected citizens, successful and respected in the community, but still revolving around their "Mama" who was quick and stubborn, and had her own peculiar vanities. Mama had buried her beloved husband and lived alone in her big house; she saw no reason at all why she should speak English when it was so much more useful to pretend she couldn't and didn't. She tyrannized over her devoted—if frequently exasperated—children, and was not impressed with their ambitions and successes when they collided with something which she had in mind herself.

Chief conspirator in Mama's more nefarious schemes was her nine-year-old granddaughter Lida. Agonized all the time with shyness, but loving and lovable, Lida was confused a good bit of the time by the goings-on of her hilarious, exuberant family, but like many another excruciatingly shy person, she managed to observe a great deal and in her own anguished way participated actively in the family drama. Though the check which her uncle, vainly trying to explain the intricacies of banking to her, had playfully signed "Good King Wenceslaus" turned out not to be good when she presented it at the bank, still it helped in the end to meet her father's note which had fallen due. When Grandfather died she saw to it that his prettiest pinochle cards were buried with him—to the electrification of Father Sebastian. And though her violent efforts to feel Scotch were in vain, she won fifty dollars for doing the Highland Fling at the Presbyterian Sunday School picnic and thus helped out Father Sebastian with the church furnace problem.

This is an affectionate, highly entertaining picture of life in a closely knit family and in a friendly small town. Redolent of a succulent, middle-European tradition of good food and large-scale hospitality (even when Lida's mother boasted that she was going to serve real American, Southern-style fried chicken, sour cream and wine and mushrooms somehow worked their way into the dish) this is the happy acclimatization one would like to think possible for every first-generation family in America.

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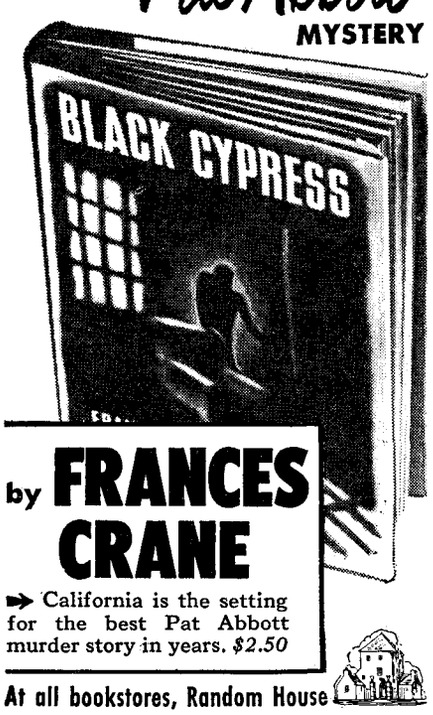

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BALANCING OUR ASSETS

(Continued from page 11)

of human rights. Yet we realize, with growing unease, that, in spite of the marked progress we have made with respect to the Negro problem, we ourselves fall short of the ideals we proclaim. While it is unfair of the Russians and others to castigate us for our failings, it is small comfort for our minority groups to hear that things are far worse in other countries.

Nor are we sure how far we are ready to go in supporting the efforts of colonial peoples in other continents to improve their lot—especially if these efforts threaten to have ill-effects on our relations with the colony-possessing nations of Western Europe. Yet when we speak of the controversy between East and West, do we always realize that the "East" does not end at the Urals, but may embrace the Far East, and Southeast Asia, and the Near and Middle East, where millions of people are in ferment? Are we as sure as we sometimes seem to be that this ferment is due entirely, or even primarily, to Communist propaganda? Would it disappear if Russia were wiped out tomorrow by atomic bombs? While it is clear that our intimate historic and intellectual associations with Western Europe will always remain an essential part of our national ethos, do we stand to gain or lose by flouting the East to win the favor of the West?

We might also ask ourselves whether the present ferment in the East and other parts of the world was produced not by the Russians, but by ourselves and our emphasis on the need to achieve greater political liberty and higher standards of living. May not the historian of the future say that the truly revolutionary nation of our times was not Russia, an economically backward country ruled by an iron dictatorship whose foreign policy is a mixture of nineteenth-century nationalism and Russian-conditioned Marxism, but the United States, with its powerful and unceasing propaganda for electricity, washing machines, refrigerators, automobiles, Listerine, cosmetics, and the thousand and one things that less advanced peoples have come to want, may not be able in the foreseeable future to afford, but will seek in one way or another to achieve? Should we not get ahead of their revolutions, if possible, by offering to provide the necessary know-how on terms acceptable to them, as Nelson Rockefeller is doing on a small, but trail-blazing, scale in Venezuela? Should we not show them that American capitalism is willing to facilitate a development comparable to ours in other countries within the limits of their available resources?

By conscientiously striving to practise what we preach perhaps we shall find it possible, in our relations with the rest of the world, to reconcile our seeming contradictions, to make our fallacies less fallacious. In the very process of translating our ideals into practice we shall perforce become more intimately acquainted with these ideals and restudy them in the conditions of our times. We shall thus discover what it is we are as a nation, and what we aspire to be. This will provide us with both a starting-point for foreign policy and a yardstick to measure its development. "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man" is an adage fit for nations as well as individuals.

Vera Micheles Dean, research director of the Foreign Policy Association, is author of "Russia: Menace or Promise?" published last year.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BLACK COAT *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2)	Mixed identities of two girls en route to New York plunges one into murderous goings-on in bosom of strange family.	Opening gambit has possibilities, and author's imaginings are as antic as ever, but this one lacks speed and gaiety of pre-decessors.	Trivial
IT'S A CRIME *Richard Ellington* (Morrow: $2.50)	Steve Drake, hired to observe wandering husband, comes on corpse of lovely no-good, tangles with cops, corrals unexpected slayer.	Speed, violent action and sultriness are chief ingredients of well-developed addition to current crop of well-tailored tough tales.	Snappy item

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The Film Forum

PSYCHIATRY

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

THE FEELING OF REJECTION

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada for the Mental Health Division of the Department of National Health and Welfare. Consult *SRL* for nearest source. (23 minutes.) Rental, $2.50; sale price, $40.

This is the first in the NFBC Mental Mechanism Series. It is the case history of a young woman who learned in childhood not to risk disapproval by taking independent action; we are shown the harmful effects of her inability to engage in normal competition, and the causes of her trouble are analyzed.

Such symptoms as weariness and recurrent headaches manifest themselves in this twenty-three-year-old girl who is unable to stand up for herself in the most ordinary life situations as she inevitably submits to the will of others.

The causes of the compensatory mechanism are carefully ferreted out; at high school she remained apart from social and athletic competition. School life was enjoyed vicariously through the success of a popular friend. As a child, her attempts to complete with a younger sister for attention were discouraged; she gradually learns that the only way she may get along without difficulty is to sacrifice any personal desires to which others may object.

The film concludes by showing the effects of group therapy. Along with others suffering from similar handicaps she is able to break away from the habit of blind obedience.

EMOTIONAL HEALTH

Produced for the McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc. Text Film Dept., 330 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y. Consult *SRL* for nearest rental source of single film. (20 minutes.) Sold only as a unit with four other filmstrips for $375.

Based on Dr. Harold Diehl's "Textbook of Healthful Living," this is one of a series which also includes the following films: "Body Care and Grooming," "The Nose, Throat, and Ears," "The Body Fights Bacteria," and "Human Reproduction."

The film has three primary objectives: (1) to assure people of college age that emotional upsets are common, (2) to show that if a disturbance of this kind is prolonged, the need for professional counsel and care is just as important and normal as with any physical illness, and (3) to explain in simplified language some of the basic techniques of psychiatric treatment and thereby allay the stigma attached to the necessity for this treatment.

A young man is shocked to hear his doctor suggest a consultation with a psychiatrist when it is learned there are no physical reasons for his chest pains and upsets. The physician explains in clear, simple terms, that many bodily disorders may be provoked by an emotional upset, and that a competent psychiatrist is the man best qualified to diagnose and treat such a condition.

Reluctantly at first, and then with growing confidence, the young man undergoes treatment. A deep-seated and hitherto unsuspected fear is brought to light and dispelled.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Consult *SRL* for nearest source. (10 minutes.) Rental, $1.25; sale, $25.

The strain of modern life with its complex problems tells heavily upon mental health. Millions try to solve their difficulties by the advice of quacks, but psychiatry is providing genuine help and a cure for many mental ills.

NEUROPSYCHIATRIC DISORDERS

New York University has a series of a dozen or so technical films restricted to use by professional groups only; and approved by the American College of Surgeons.

PSYCHOLOGICAL CINEMA REGISTER

The Pennsylvania State College maintains the largest library of selected 16mm. instructional films in psychology and psychiatry. Write to them directly at State College, Pa.

PSYCHIATRY IN ACTION

Produced for British Information Services. Consult *SRL* for nearest source. (62 minutes.) Rental, $5; sale, $112.50.

A presentation of the results and treatment of war neuroses. The film follows the duration of a patient's residence at a medical center. There are detailed accounts of the hospital administration, the investigation into each case, shock treatment, therapy, and the disposal of patients after discharge.

A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

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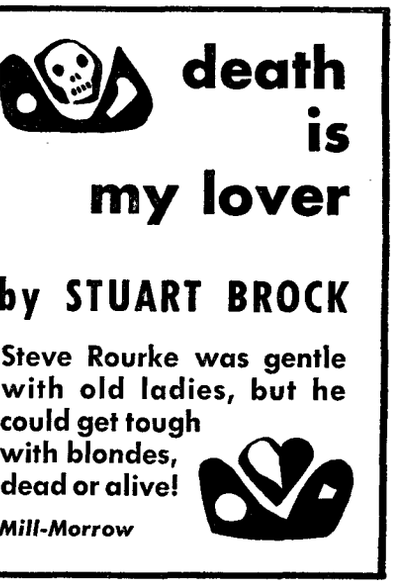
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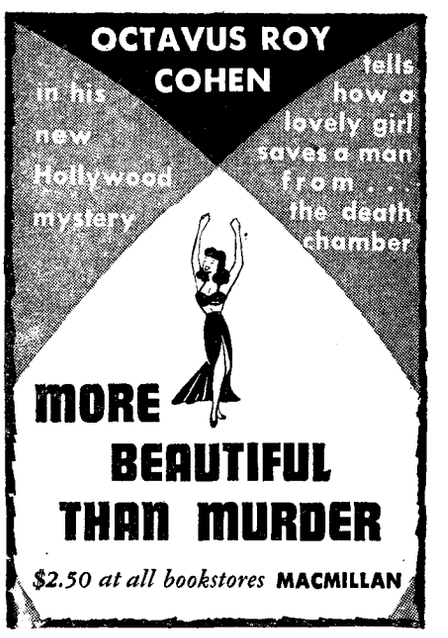
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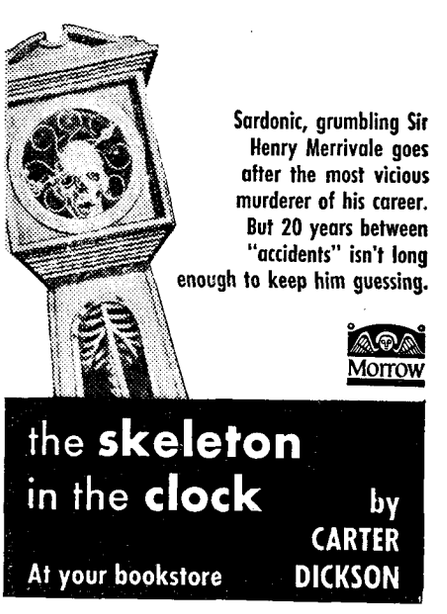
Sardonic, grumbling Sir Henry Merrivale goes after the most vicious murderer of his career. But 20 years between "accidents" isn't long enough to keep him guessing.
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THE FINE ARTS

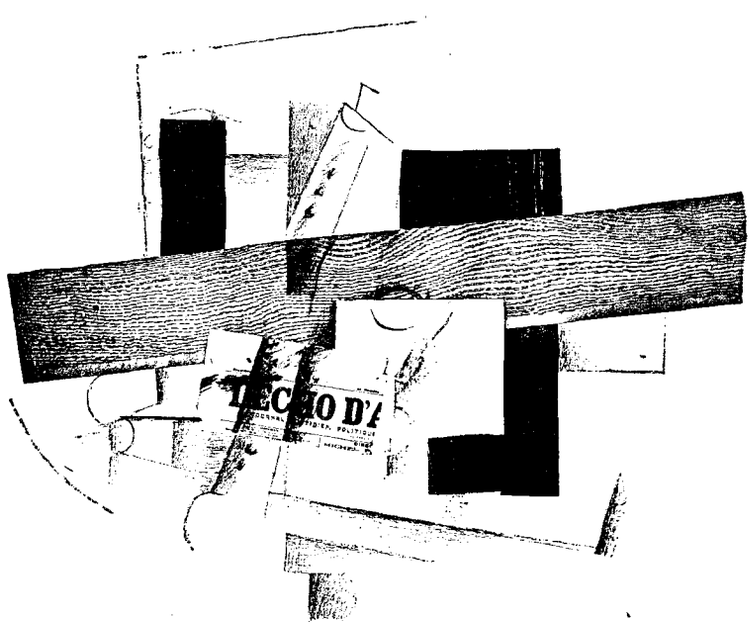
THE IMPORTANCE OF COLLAGE

THE Museum of Modern Art in New York is now holding an exhibition of collage—the art of shaping and pasting various materials, chiefly paper or cloth, to a plain or manipulated picture surface. Visiting the exhibition the other day, I met in the first gallery a matron so flushed with rage that she looked as though she had been spooned up from a tureen of borsch. "What has this to do with art," she shouted, "and how long do they think these paper things will last?" I met her again later on and she was studying the pictures calmly, appearing interested rather than resigned, but her two questions remained in mind.

The answer to the first is that collage has a very, very great deal to do with twentieth-century art, that it is in fact a key manifestation of our epoch's visual sensibility. The art of our time has caused a profound revolution in ways of seeing and has brought about a decided extension in the esthetic admissibility of fresh experiences, expressed through new media. I have never quite understood why this fact should infuriate certain people. Perhaps it is because some of us, entangled still with Victorian standards, tend to consider art as gold by the ounce instead of as a quicksilver flood, changing and subtle in the directions it takes. In any case, the collages in the present exhibition are emphatically not "the nonsense of snobs," as the angry dowager at one point proclaimed. Snobbery is not the vice of those who created these works of art, nor of those who like them, nor of those who honestly cannot make them out. It is the refuge of people who turn impatiently away, confusing the humble with the trivial, and falling back on that ardor for the hand-painted oil which at times caused the nineteenth century almost literally to love art to death.

How long *can* collages last, physically speaking? Frankly no one knows, though some of the works in the current exhibition are in satisfactory condition after thirty-six years. Yet what if they should eventually wither away? My dowager inferred that in this case they could not possibly be art, for art to her mind is that which survives, esteemed, in and of itself. But on the contrary, art is any expression which makes a vital contribution to the cultural tides, like those lost masterpieces of the past whose imprint is so often felt on subsequent styles. If we naturally grieve when a distinguished painting disintegrates or is destroyed, its fate certainly is not the absolute measure of its worth. And there can be no real question as to the importance of collage in twentieth-century art. It has been a medium through which some of the finest easel painters have learned and achieved: its popular influence is evident everywhere—in typography, advertising, and illustrative materials of all kinds.

It seems to me a sign of courage and strength that modern artists have been willing to work for the present rather than for the future. By so doing they may well have earned the future's respectful attention, unlike certain romantics of an earlier time, who slapped posterity on the back so convivially that it turned away in disgust. At any rate, a limited casualness with technique, a readiness to experiment in the interests of present truth, has been a requisite of many outstanding contemporary artists. Moreover, modern art by now has settled into clear enough perspective so that a converse fact becomes plain: whenever a contemporary painter begins to dwell on his qualities of craftsmanship, he nearly always reveals soon afterward that he no longer has much of interest to say. We may wish that matters were otherwise, but they are not; at least they have not been thus far.



Illustrations, Courtesy Museum of Modern Art.

Braque's "The Clarinet"—discipline, equilibrium, great refinement.

THE first modern collages were created in 1912 by the cubists, and most authorities now agree that Georges Braque preceded Picasso in their use. Perhaps a clue to Braque's priority is that he so quickly arrived at an integrated solution of collage's abstract possibilities. The exhibition includes innumerable works of fine quality, by many artists; it contains none in which a disciplined equilibrium is brought to greater refinement than in Braque's "The Clarinet" of 1913 (see cut), "The Program" (1913), and "Guitar" (1913-14). In these pictures bits of newspaper are combined with strips of woodgrained wallpaper, with or without supplementary drawing, to achieve a serene, exceptionally pure formal order. And the temperamental differences between Braque and Picasso become overwhelmingly apparent if we compare these works with the latter's collages of the same period. The drawing in Picasso's pictures is more energetic and inventive than in Braque's. It also has a more noticeable "emotional leap," to use Gertrude Stein's phrase, and we sense beneath it a pressure of humanistic subject that will break out in the figure pieces of his later career. To Braque's serene calculation, Picasso opposes an intuitive, wilful search for a new plasticity, so that while the former's collages of 1912-14 constitute a rather final statement, not to be rivaled by later examples, those of Picasso lead predictably to the "Guitar" of 1926, a vigorous, daring image composed of sackcloth, string, and protruding nails. One cannot escape the impression that Braque could have continued working much longer than he did within the cubist formula, whereas Picasso was

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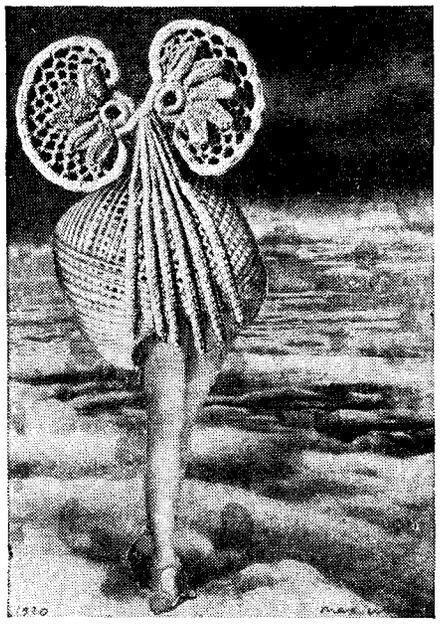

"Above the Clouds Walks the Midnight," by Max Ernst—". . . shock treatment."

inevitably the one to force a change.

The third great cubist, Juan Gris, might be considered a Tintoretto of the movement in a few of his earlier works. Tintoretto, you will remember, aspired to combine the drawing of Michelangelo with the color of Titian (an aim so magnificently realized that it should be a warning to those who say "eclectic" when they mean to cry "shame"). In Gris's "The Breakfast," for example, the tonal richness of Braque is carried to brilliant extremes, while the linear exuberance of Picasso is calmed and distilled. The result is one of the handsomest pictures in the exhibition, owing nothing intrinsic either to Picasso or Braque, but affirming a distinct and valid personality between their quite different limits. All three cubists used collage with the utmost seriousness. They did not use it experimentally or as a stage in the development of more ambitious works, as is sometimes claimed.

Miss Margaret Miller, who directed the exhibition, has pointed out that "collage has been the means through which the artist incorporates reality in the picture without imitating it." To which might be added that in the hands of the dadaists and the surrealists, collage was used first to establish and then quickly to compromise reality, resulting in a counter-logic which reflects the powerful stirrings of the subconscious mind. Jean Arp, to be sure, preserved a certain formalist character even in those collages whose forms are arranged, to use his description, "according to the law of chance." But in the extremely witty photoengraving collages that Max Ernst began to make in 1919, the memorable anti-reason of surrealism is already ordained. Ernst's manual skill was an important asset, for he planned to represent a believable and conventional reality which a sudden element of incongruity would transform utterly, as in the case of those circus automobiles from whose standard shape emerges a veritable horde of clowns. In his collage "novel," "La Semaine de Bonté," Ernst developed the technique of poetic disruption to a very high point. He is assuredly the leading master of surrealist collage, and his deliberate shock treatment is another way of getting at a plastic truth, supplementing Braque's patient insinuation of reality.

One of the most rewarding sections in the exhibition consists of a large group of collages by the late Kurt Schwitters. Schwitters's death in England this year was scarcely noticed by the press, yet within his limits he was, I think, one of the truest artists of our period. His collages were composed of such odds and ends as bus and theatre tickets, scraps of colored paper, and other commonplace objects, and it is one of the mysteries of the artistic process that he was able to evolve so personal and convincing a statement from so humble a rhetoric. Because of a special instinct for evocative assembly, Schwitters created with his pasted snippets an apotheosis of the discarded. His collages take form with a touching graciousness. They have an uncanny ability to focus mood, just as a soggy cracker, eaten at night, can summarize a day's disgruntlement. Their range of feeling becomes more impressive on longer acquaintance, and if his art cannot be rationalized or urged on the observer, it will repay anyone who looks at it carefully and often, with sympathetic mind.

It may well be that the basic formal and psychological possibilities of collage by now have been thoroughly explored. Yet the medium today attracts a number of the more talented younger American artists, among them Robert Motherwell, Ronnie Elliott, Joseph Cornell, William Kienbusch, and Landes Lewitin. The results are sometimes extremely interesting in their own right, and they supply fresh proof of collage's relevance to modern art. They do not, however, make the earliest works in the show seem old-fashioned, as later developments in art often do. To this observer even the Braques and Picassos of 1912 seem astonishingly up-to-date. Nineteen hundred and twelve was a long time ago. There are photographs from that period in an exhibition of Stieglitz's famous Photo-Secession, across the hall in the museum. Beautiful as they are, in style as well as subject these photographs look their age. The best collages look ours.

—James Thrall Soby.

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CYCLICAL PICTURE

(*Continued from page 25*)

owner. Persons with low incomes and small businesses would be exempt on the ground that, as a group, they do little or no saving. The tax could be avoided by turning excess funds over to the Federal Government, which would charge a "safe-keeping fee" of perhaps two per cent per annum, at least on deposits over two years old. The Government would expend all deposits promptly on conservation, scientific research, and military preparedness. However, depositors could get their money back any time they saw their way to spend it.

The Government, then, would offset by excess spending the excess saving of others. But some groups in the community always perform this function. In the economy at large, total receipts are the same thing as total disbursements. Whenever an individual or an enterprise makes a disbursement some other person or enterprise receives it. If the receipts of some groups exceed their disbursements, the disbursements of other groups must exceed their receipts by the same amount.

The authors would probably brand the argument of the preceding paragraph a variant of the doctrine that purchasing power always equals production, a doctrine for which they denounce economists from John Stuart Mill down to date (rather hard on Mill, who was trying to prove that there can be no general overproduction, a conclusion with which Goodbar and Bergeron agree). The economists, they say, were out to discredit Marx, but took the wrong route. If, by the way, the authors had proposed a tax on average deposits and currency, varying inversely with the rate of turnover in the hands of each holder, such as others have proposed, an entirely different critique would be necessary.

It may well be that prices, at times, get out of line with the part of their incomes consumers are willing to spend. The book does not explore this potential source of trouble very far. It is not the only potential source, and a reader will find little more than a hint of numerous quite different and quite promising approaches to the understanding of business cycles.

Thinking of War

HISTORY: A GUIDE TO PEACE. By Erno Wittmann. New York: Columbia University Press. 1948. 423 *pp.* $5.50.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

THERE are three ways to think about the problem of war. The first is oriented by the fact that only governments make wars; it asserts that by reducing the functions of government the intensity of warfare would likewise be reduced. The second begins with the observation that while war is started, conducted, and concluded by public authority, the means employed (men and munitions) are drawn from individuals—whence it follows that war is made by an organic combination of government and people called The State—and it asserts that sovereign states can only be held within the bounds of peace by balancing them against each other. The third course is fixed by two points that have come up in the present century: we have discovered an absolute weapon, the atom bomb, which has apparently transformed war into an absolute evil, and in addition to this there is only one pair of powerful states in existence—the USA and the USSR. Thus we must take shelter in a world government, with or without Russia.

Dr. Erno Wittmann casts an emphatic ballot for the second of these three ways to cause peace to prevail and his book is a big book, naturally, because the gist of his argument is that the bulk of history is on his side. But history is scarcely less confusing than the news we hear every day; the most we can derive from it is a line of probability. In any showdown between history and expediency there is little doubt that the latter will prevail. Now the most pressing of the expedient problems is the control of atomic weapons and other gruesome devices of war.

If Dr. Wittmann had remembered to deal with The Bomb and had succeeded either in deflating its significance to the level of history—or, contrariwise, succeeded in deriving formulas from history as clear-cut as the mathematical recipe by which The Bomb is put together—he might have emerged with a real book instead of a special treatise.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Charles Jackson: "The Outer Edges" & Booth Tarkington: "Alice Adams." 2. Santayana: "The Last Puritan" & Dreiser: "An American Tragedy." 3. Fielding: "Joseph Andrews" & Richardson: "Pamela." 4. Edison Marshall: "Benjamin Blake" & Collins: "The Moonstone." 5. Trollope: "The Last Chronicle of Barset" & Thackeray: "Vanity Fair." 6. Virginia Woolf: "Jacob's Room" & Defoe: "Moll Flanders." 7. Stephen Crane: "The Red Badge of Courage" & George Meredith: "Rhoda Fleming." 8. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings: "The Yearling" & Cather: "A Lost Lady." 9. Hawthorne: "The Blithedale Romance" & Scott: "Kenilworth." 10. Anne Brontë: "Agnes Grey" & Disraeli: "Vivian Grey." 11. Katherine Anne Porter: "He" & H. Rider Haggard: "She." 12. Poe: "Annabel Lee" & Wordsworth: "Simon Lee." 13. Kingsley: "Westward Ho!" & Elizabeth Browning: "Aurora Leigh." 14. Betty Smith: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" & Edward Everett Hale: "The Man Without a Country." 15. Kipling: "Kim" & Margaret Mitchell: "Gone with the Wind." 16. Maugham: "Of Human Bondage" & Roberts: "Northwest Passage." 17. Stevenson: "Treasure Island" & Wharton: "Ethan Frome." 18. Eliot: "Adam Bede" & Deeping: "Sorrel & Son." 19. Frost: "The Death of the Hired Man" & Hemingway: "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." 20. James: "Daisy Miller" & Richard Aldington: "Death of a Hero."

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COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique Surface*		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENTS
THREE RELEASES—EXTRAORDINARY			
BEETHOVEN, DIABELLI VARIATIONS, OP. 120. Leonard Shure, pianist. Vox 636 (7)	A big, resonant piano, lots of bass twang, brilliant *forte* tone, à la Victor. No monitoring: *pp* sections are extremely low-level. Blame Beethoven!	A— to B+	One of the greatest late-B. works in a splendidly sympathetic performance. A stupendous album, no less; you can spend weeks with this music. Not hard listening, either.
WAGNER, FIVE SONGS. Eileen Farrell; Leopold Stokowski & his Symphony Orch. RCA Victor DM 1233 (3) *Comparison:* Helen Traubel; Philadelphia Orch. Stokowski. RCA Victor DM 872 (2)	This is the superb, wide-range undistorted recording that Victor arrived at shortly before the ban. Splendid, multi-mike style pickup, big resonance.	A	Complete four-min. works by Wagner—a welcome change from the eternal excerpts! These are beautiful songs, masterful; several are studies for "Tristan," with familiar themes. Good job by Farrell, Stoky. Traubel's interp. of three of songs has better, more sustained singing, but less sensitive. Orch. transcriptions (exc. "Traüme") by Mottl.
	A prewar recording, with fine balance, acoustics. But lacks highs, distortion in loud passages, bad overcutting at peaks.	A	
RAVEL, L'ENFANT ET LES SORTILÈGES (1925). Orch. & chorus Radiodiffusions. Française; soloists. Columbia MOP 29 (6)			Remarkable child-fantasy ballet with chorus and solo voices, a kind of French "Alice." Interesting music, astonishing tragic-humorous effects, from yowling cats to pseudo-blues. Wealth of fine French singing, semi-spoken easily understood dialogue, as modern as radio. Wide-range recording with excellent close-to and distanst perspective effects.
EARLIER KEYBOARD MUSIC			
TELEMANN, FANTASIAS. Edith Weiss Mann, harpsichord. Allegro 2 (2)	Excellent wide-range recording from a new company. Good, natural sound of a fine harpsichord; but level is pretty high.	A to A—	Powerful Baroque works by a composer who is coming back fast: Bach style, strong hints of Haydn. Straightforward, intelligent reading, masculine. Beautifully registered. Some inaccuracies.
SWEELINCK, VARIATIONS ON "EST-CE MARS?"; FANTASIA CHROMATICA. Putnam Aldrich, harpsichord. Technichord T-12 (2)	Excellent job, similar to above. Interesting diff. in tone quality between the two instruments. Considerable pre-emphasis of highs.	A— to B+	Another powerful early composer, allied with 16th c. English school ("Est-ce Mars"). Fantasia shows extraordinary use of chromatic scale. Big, architectural performance, skilfully registered.
BACH, WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER, VOL. I. Dorothy Lane, harpsichord. Concord (*Chicago 3 Ill.*) i. C thru D (2) ii. D mi. thru E (3 10") iii. E mi. thru F mi. (2 10") (*to be continued*)	The shellac pressings are best (some on plastic). Excellent, wide-range recording, closer, less live than above. (Done by RCA for Concord.)	A	No pianist or Bach lover shld. miss these—Bach's own instrument; and what there is to learn here of his intentions! Not a fine instrument, nor performance for study, adequate for study, pleasure.
COUPERIN, SUITE DU SIXIÈME ORDRE. Francois Loyonnet, piano. Concert Hall B 14 (2 pl.) (*subscription*).	Percussive, dry piano, weak in bass, occasionally blasting. Not a very good job. Beautiful surfaces.	AA+	Couperin's is pure harpsichord music, thoroughly out of place on piano. Why—with harpsichordists galore? (The music comes thru, though!

—Edward Tatnall Canby.

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THE SOUL IS A NOMAD

THE soul is a nomad,
And like the roving bee,
To find its nectar,
Must go winged and free.

Here a little, there a little,
Through the sunny hours,
The soul to its music,
The bee to its flowers.

World-blight or winter-chill,
To keep alive,
The soul to its poem,
The bee to its hive.

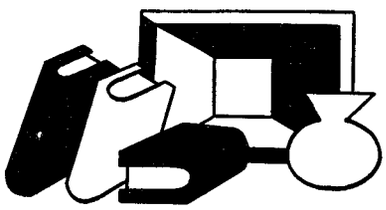
—Elizabeth La Dow.

* * *

The young woman at the Chamber of Commerce desk in the lobby of the community-owned Brooks Hotel said, "Where it was? I can tell you where it *is*!" But first we missed Black Mountain Road and then we missed the fork into Dickinson Road, though we had been given "large white house" and "little red house" as markers for the way. The last we asked were the crew of a motored vehicle sprinkling chemical on country dust. We had been following the black signpost foxes of Howland Farm. We retracked into Dickinson Road and advanced slowly through the golden end of day. It was quite far out from the town of Brattleboro, and our eyes were still full of the tapestried mountains of Vermont. Through the trees to the right was a valley view. It should stand high upon the left, beyond a rising field. Then we saw it, through an opening in the trees, like a great ark riding the hillside.

It is weathered, verandahed and large and long. It is larger than I had thought it would be; and, some distance off to the right, as my artist friend and I stepped through the gap in foliage and stood at gaze, there seemed to be stables or a lodge. Nevertheless, it was veritably the Naulahka. My friend was already busy with sketch-book and draughting pencil. I shall always regret that I did not go up across the field.

The young lady at the hotel had said that curiosity- and memento-seekers had proved a pest to the present owners. That, as I looked at the distant dormers, served somewhat for a deterrent. Also there was a certain awe. The Anglo-Indian and the American girl who had come to the wife's property, at the end of their honeymoon, had first lived in a more modest house, where a certain pottery designer and curator of the School of Art in Lahore had visited them, and made drawings for tales concerning the adopted one of the Seeonee pack, nicknamed The Frog; though I remembered better the drawings of W. H. Drake, for the first book; yet whose was the half-tone, opposite page 10, indelibly registered upon my mind from boyhood, with the caption "The Tiger's roar filled the cave with thunder"? J. L. K. was, of course, all through the second book, and the cover designs of both I'm sure were his. At any rate, after he had left the young couple, and after their first daughter was born, they upraised the Naulahka, probably partly at least upon the royalties from the book co-



white

authored with the brother, that gave the new home its name, and also on proceeds from the jungle stories. I could now imagine a black panther lying out along the bough of that golden maple, and a gray hathi detaching himself from the looming edifice as large and gray as he, to wind a ghostly challenge to the mountains of Vermont, like Kala Nag on the stamping ground.

I went down the road to see if another view from the entrance were better, but the chain wound upon the spiked double gates was real, and there was less of the house to see. Pine needles littered the drive under dark pines. Dry leaves rustled and danced in an eddy of autumn breeze. "Private Grounds. Not Open to The Public" and "No Trespassing" said all that the present owners had to say.

Here he had come, by way of success in London, from the dawn behind the tamarisks, from the parrots by the river-side, and the "staring Eastern Day," from the flying hoof on Simla Downs and the tonga-horn ringing to the Kalka hills—

What can Life kill or Death undo?
If you love me as I love you

That had remained true to the end. It was her country, her people. One of her brothers he had loved as his own; but one had poisoned the place for him. What I remembered now was the dedication from the early ballads to the young publisher who died at thirty, through whom, in England, he met the wife of a lifetime:

In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth.

A great tribute. And now the leaf-brown drive was shaded, and the cattle were coming home to the barn at the farms beyond. We must be on our way of return. The large car, with the four of us in it, wound its way through woodland, leaving the ark of a great artist's covenant still triumphantly riding the hillside.

I recalled one of the many signs along the roads we had come: "Through Way Ends Here." I did not believe it, of this through way. Because, to alter a seasonal word of his:

—if you enter the woods
Of an autumn evening late

you can still find the wolf pack's Council Rock in a New England meadow, and a phantom of Buldeo's village, beyond Brattleboro, off Black Mountain Road. —W. R. B.

* * *

HICKORY TREES AND WALNUTS

The hickory trees are pretty girls,
In autumn hues attired,
Who pose in shapely rows, assured
That they will be admired.

But walnut trees are worth so much
They have no need to preen,
These gray, gnarled, rich old women, garbed
In rusty bombazine.

—Hildegarde Walls Johnson.

* * *

MAID TRADE

In one south-sea island, a bride can be purchased for a carton of American cigarettes.
—The News

In the south seas, warm and sunny,
Where the natives are simple folks,
Money is only money
But a woman's a carton of smokes.

—Orville E. Reed.

* * *

—William Rose Benét.

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"Men are but children of a larger growth" who may amuse themselves for a long time in gazing at the reflection of the moon in the water; but if they jump in to grasp it, they may grope forever, and only get . . . farther from their object.

*Lottery, following the passing of a law in England making it illegal.

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(*Continued on page 42*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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YOUNG MOTHER desires letters. Studying for degree Child Welfare, interests: arts, crafts, life in general. Box 27-D.

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WILL KEEN, light-hearted femme write a not-too-smug male interested in diversions from humdrum subjects? Box 6-D.

MAN FRIDAY, 32, personable, educated, lived in Europe, South America, 6 foreign languages, administrative, public relations background, resourceful, reliable, references, will travel. Box 7-D.

LET'S LAUGH: Refined gentleman of University background desires exchange of humorist correspondence as a hobby with refined female. Box 8-D.

YOUNG SINGLE PROFESSIONAL MAN desires modest 1-1½ rooms, kitchenette, bath, N.Y.C. Box 9-D.

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DREAMER, female, believing fairy tales, yet realist, knowing life is lonely; welcomes sincere correspondence, accountants to Zoographers. Box 999-B.

REFINED, charming young lady desires correspondence with gentleman of character and integrity. Box 1-D.

CAN YOU SPLIT RIBS? Candidates challenged to write ticklish collegienne, idiotic enough to laugh at anything. Box 2-D.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 763

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

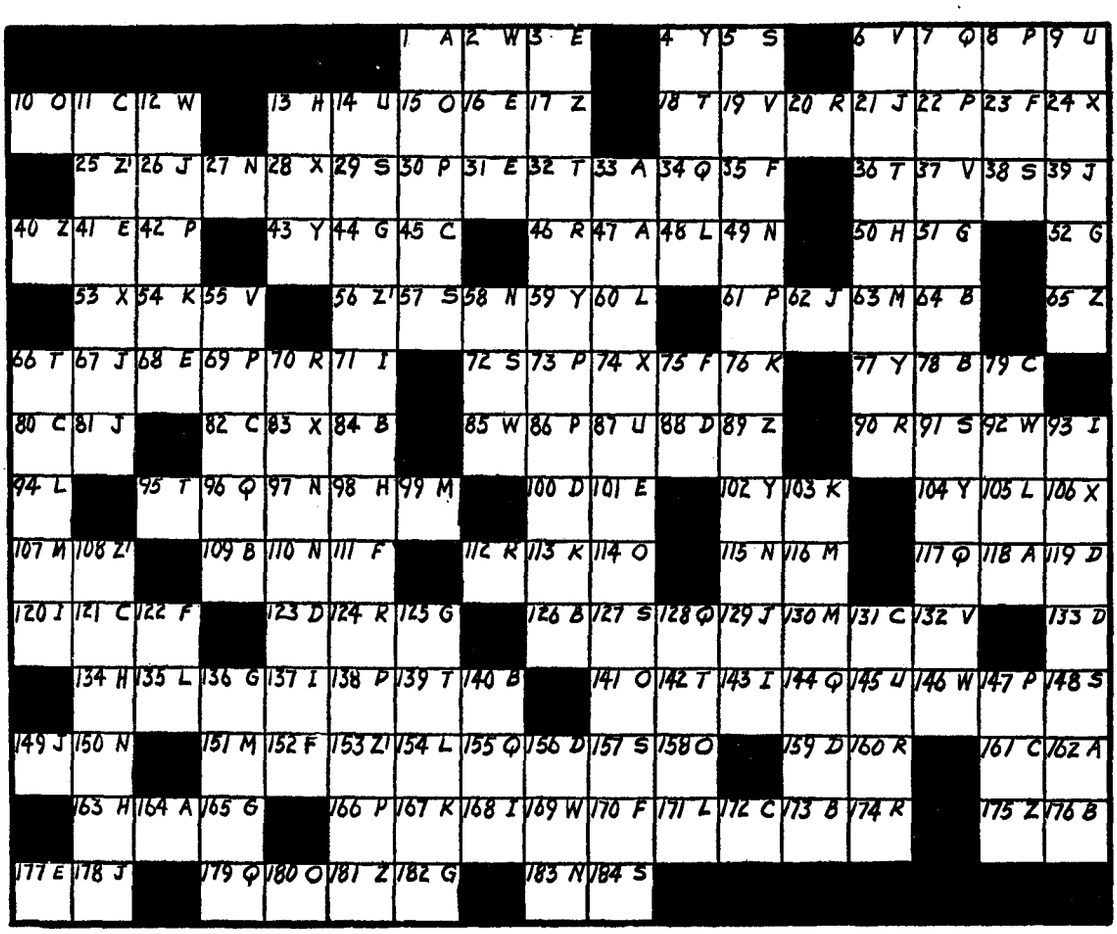
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Volcanic island off Japan; earthquake, Sept. 1, 1923.	164 162 118 33 1 47
B. One of two factions in Lilliput ("Gulliver's Travels"; comp.).	78 176 126 109 84 64 173 140
C. Unyielding; not flexible.	161 172 79 131 11 82 80 121 45
D. Inhabitant of a canton in Switzerland whose capital is Lausanne.	156 133 100 88 119 159 123
E. To intertwine.	16 3 101 177 31 41 68
F. To press in competition (2 wds.).	111 23 35 152 170 75 122
G. A variety of Japanese persimmon, much grown for its fruit in California.	44 125 52 182 165 136 51
H. To encircle; surround.	98 134 50 13 163
I. Flemish painter of the "Fall of the Damned" at Munich.	168 120 93 137 71 143
J. A novel by George Eliot.	81 21 67 62 26 129 149 39 178
K. River, 500 miles long, in Kansas, to the Missouri River; also a city in Kansas.	103 76 54 113 167
L. A regular or customary course of business or official procedure.	60 135 105 154 171 48 94
M. Disclaims.	99 116 63 130 151 107
N. To spread, as a rumor (2 wds.).	49 27 97 110 115 183 150 58

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. The American member of the genus *Vespa maculata*.	141 180 158 10 114 15
P. Not capable of producing for service.	86 138 73 22 61 8 166 69 42 30 147
Q. Furthest or highest point; limit.	96 34 179 117 128 144 7 155
R. A Confederate soldier in the American Civil War.	90 20 112 174 46 70 124 160
S. Unhappiness; want of suitableness.	29 57 5 157 91 127 38 148 184 72
T. An authoritative rule or maxim.	36 66 18 139 95 32 142
U. Quick or neat in action.	87 9 14 145
V. Irish poet, dramatist, essayist (Nobel Prize, 1923).	55 37 19 132 6
W. A kind of man's beard.	85 92 146 169 12 2
X. Twelfth letter of the Hebrew alphabet.	24 74 28 106 53 83
Y. Lake on which Cooperstown, N. Y., is situated (baseball's Hall of Fame).	77 102 43 59 104 4
Z. An unfrequented way; a short cut.	65 89 17 181 40 175
Z¹. A son of Isaac and Rebecca (Bib.).	25 108 153 56

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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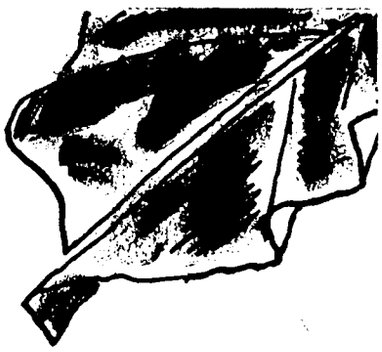

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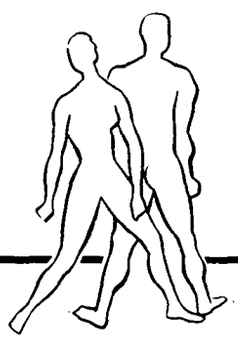

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